BUSSY D'AMBOIS,

OR THE

Husbands Revenge.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Newly Revised by Mr. D'URFEY.

Audire est opera pretium, procedere recte
Qui mæchis non vultis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla.
Hor. Sat. 2. lib. 1.

LONDON,

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BUSSY D'AMBOIS,

OR THE

Humorous Revenge:

A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD *Earl of* CARLISLE, *Viſcount* Howard *of* Morpeth *&c.*

My moſt Honoured Lord,

THough the Subject of theſe Dramatick Sheets, has the Misfortune to be a Frenchman, and conſequently his Hiſtory the leſs eſteemed by our Nation, to whom in the preſent Juncture they appear ſo obnoxious; yet I well knowing that your Lordſhips impartial Judgment will ſet the right Value upon Merit, and prize the Jewel as it deſerves, let the Country from whence it came be never ſo barbarous, have preſumed to introduce him to kiſs your Lordſhips Hand, with this Excuſe, that though he is himſelf a Native of *France*, yet he has left none behind him to equal his Character, or that dare pretend to half the Honour, Bravery or Juſtice.

About Sixteen Years ſince, when firſt my good or ill Stars ordained me a Knight Errant in this Fairy Land of Poetry, I ſaw the *Buſſy D' Ambois* of Mr. *Chapman* Acted by Mr. *Hart*, which in ſpight of the obſolete Phraſes and intolerable Fuſtian, with which a great Part of it was cramm'd, and which I have altered in theſe new Sheets) had ſome extraordinary Beauties, which ſenſibly charmed me; which being improved by the graceful Action of that eternally Renowned, and Beſt of Actors, ſo attracted not only me, but the Town in general, that they were obliged to paſs by and excuſe the groſs Errors in the Writing, and allow it amongſt the Rank of the Topping Tragedies of that Time.

For a long time after it lay buried in Mr. *Harris* Grave, who indeed only could do that noble Character Juſtice, till not willing to have it quite loſt I preſumed to reviſe it, and writ the Plot new, mending the Character of *Tamira*, whom Mr. *Chapman* had drawn quite otherwiſe, he making her lewd, onely for the ſake of lewdneſs, which I have here altered, and in the firſt Act mentioned a former Contract between her and *D' Ambois*,

which gives some Excuse for her Love afterwards, and renders the Distress in the last Act to be much more lyable to Pity.

Amongst the rest of your Lordships extraordinary Favours, for which I can never enough express my Gratitude, you did me the Honour at my reading this Play to you particularly to commend that Alteration, which, I confess, encouraged me to get it Acted; though without Success, till Mr. *Mountfort* did me the Favour; who, though he was modestly very diffident of his own Action, coming after so great a Man as Mr. *Hart*, yet had that Applause from the Audience, which declared their Satisfaction, and with which I am sure he ought to be very well contented.

I have great hopes (my Lord) that the Play, altogether as I have now written it, will in some measure answer your Expectation: your Lordship is so well read amongst the Poets, and so great a Patron of them, that you are capable of making a Distinction between a Judge and a Critick (especially as Criticks go now a days) that decry without Weighing, and judge without Examination, who are so greedy of that Title, that they would not change it for a Knighthood; and take more pains to dissect an unhappy piece of Poetry though with less Skill, than a Novice in Surgery, would in the Hall, if he were put to read upon a Malefactor just beg'd for an Anatomy.

The Age grows more poignant every day than other; and as immortal *Shakespear* says, the Toe of the Peasant treads so near the Heel of the Courtier, that it galls his Kibe. Some gradually aspire to Fame by Merit and Qualification; but there are another Sort in Town here, that will be Wits and Criticks in spight of Providence and Nature, who are learned in nothing but a good Memory; and if every Saying were restored to the right Owner, would appear as contemptible, as the deplumed Crow in the Fable, Alluding to the Satyr.

In this vile Age each raw, pert, callow Chit
Drunk with the fumes of indigested wit,
As much by Wine inspir'd to play the Fool;
One, that a month before was whip't at School,
For groveling dulness with inervate Force,
Shall dare to back the Muses soaring Horse:
So Magots, bred by the Suns genial Eye,
In th' Morning crawl, and before Evening fly.

These

Dedicatory.

These few Verses falling in this place so pat I beg your Lordships Pardon for inserting, who to my knowledge are so little an Incourager of all false Pretenders to Wit and Learning, that you always weigh the Merit of the Position, before you grant it proper; and will rather silently smile at a young Critick, who is erroniously noysy, and consequently often impertinent, than be of his opinion for your own sake, or explode him before Company for his.

Into the unmerciful Claws of such Tyrants as these 'tis my Misfortune to fall, and without doubt should be worsted, if I had not your Lordships Patronage and Approbation, but *Momus* snarls not, when *Apollo* sings; Envy must be appeased and Prejudice disarmed, when you, my Lord, appear in my defence: the Character of a true English Noble man, so well maintained in every Action of your Life, secures that Love and Admiration, which every one pays, that has the Honour to know you. The Critick veils to your more powerful Judgment in Wit; your fellow Peers honour you for your stanch Loyalty to the King, and generous Candour for your Country; and for your admired Humility, uncommon Justice and generous Charity, three renowned Qualities, that hold the Mirrour, where may be seen the bright Visage of true Nobility: You are beloved by all in general, as you are, and deserve to be, admired by,

My most Honoured Lord,

Your Lordships devoted, faithful

and most humble Servant,

Tho. D'Urfey.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King Henry III. *of* France	Mr. *Freeman.*
Monſieur *his Brother*	Mr. *Hodſon.*
Duke of Guiſe	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
D' Ambois *Favorite to* Henry	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Montſurry	Mr. *Powell.*
Monſieur Maſſe *Steward to* Monſieur	Mr. *Bright.*
Monſieur Laſſoil *A Fencing Maſter*	Mr. *Bowen.*
Barifer *Captain of the Guards*	Mr. *Verbruggon.*
Lanoo	Mr. *Harris.*
Melinell *Courtiers*	Mr. *Barnes.*
Pyrrot *Courtiers*	Mr. *Sibber.*
Briſac *Courtiers*	Mr. *Kirkham.*

WOMEN.

Dutcheſs of Guiſe	Mrs. *Laſſells.*
Tamira *Wife to* Mountſurry	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Tereſia *her Governeſs*	Mrs. *Corey.*
Charlot *her Women*	Mrs. *Richardſon.*
Beaupre *a Court Lady*	Mrs. *Perin.*

Scene. PARIS.

Pro-

PROLOGUE.

THrough our laſt Age has been no Prologue us'd,
In which the Audience have not been abus'd;
As if the Poet in a railing way
Show'd beg you, for the Profit of his Play,
To come and be call'd Fools on his Third Day.
Ours here, by ſad Experience grown more wiſe,
Having an empty Houſe before his Eyes,
Reſolves to be more Civil than the reſt.
And will not loſe a Friend to break a Jeſt.
I told him well writ Satyr wholſome was;
And that no worthy Man would break the Glaſs,
That ſhew'd him handſomely his homely Face.
He anſwer'd, 'twas the Vice of all Mankind
To be to their own Imperfections blind.
Hump Backs, ſays he, ſeem ſtraight to your Town Beau's;
The Olive colour'd Phyz, and pimpled Noſe,
Like Lilies fair, tho' bluſhing like a Roſe.
Let Errors ne're ſo much themſelves diſplay,
You'l bear no Lenten Lecture in a Play;
But hating Satyr leave us in the Lurch,
And ſhun the Play-houſe, as you do the Church;
Severely cry the Poets Labour down,
That ſhows you Vices, too much like your own.
How oft have I a ſullen Critick ſeen,
Chewing the Cud of an inſipid Spleen,
That ſeem'd to ſay----in troth that Scenes well writ;
But I won't like it to be thought a wit:
Good natur'd Judgment ſeldom is prevailing,
There's nothing ſhews a Man of Parts like Railing.
To all compos'd of Courtly Critick Mold
Theſe truths muſt never be at all times told:
Plain Dealing's rude, and will provoke their Spight
To hiſs, like Butchers, when they take delight,
To ſet two ſnarling Bull-dogs on to bite.
Ah, Sirs, this was not your Forefathers way,
When Cloak and Ruff ſat ſnug at a long Play:

Actors

The Prologue.

Actors ne're gave, nor Audience took, offence;
what ere could make 'em laugh, was ſolid Sence.
But now you'l ſcarce ſtay out one Play in Ten;
Nay faith, whats worſt, take your half Crowns agen:
A barbarous Cuſtome that, almoſt as bad
As your old Hectoring cuſtomary Trade,
Of giving Chloris *for her uſe ten Pound;*
Then beating the poor Jade, till ſhe refund.
Our Poet then imploring the old way,
Intreats you to be civil to his Play,
And not at all times ſhow your ſelves ſevere;
But feaſt for once on ſolemn Lenten Fare.
He ſhows the Miſeries of Marriage forth,
Of all Eſtates in humane Life the worſt:
A Heroe murder'd too, a Man as brave,
As Heaven yet ere to bleſs a Nation gave:
Wit, Juſtice, Valour, all his Fame advance;
And has no fault, but that he comes from France.

ACT.

ACT. I.

Enter Tamira *and* Tereſia.

Tam. OH, preach no more of Patience, good *Tereſia*!
This reverent Counſel and religious Argument
I know with Reaſon would inſpire a Heart,
That had leſs knowledge of the Pangs of Love:
But I (alaſs!) have no Religion left,
My ſtupid Soul now wants that Influence,
That lately with true Joy inſpir'd my Boſome,
Where gloomy Sorrows only take poſſeſſion.

Ter. Well, well, ſtill I ſay, you muſt have Patience,
Let the Snail creep, if it cannot fly; leave off
This whining and follow my Inſtructions, and
I tell you once more, you ſhall have Comfort.

Tam. Get me my Freedom then,
Unty that knot, that fatal Marriage Band,
That Parents Cruelty impos'd upon me,
Forcing me from the Arms of dear *D' Ambois*,
To be an Offering to *Mountſurry's* Wealth:
Free me from this, and I'le be all Obedience;
I'le hear, I'le vow, I'le pray with more Devotion,
Than ever Penitent did to purchaſe Heaven.

Ter. Why there 'tis now, I muſt get you your Freedom,
I muſt unty the knot, ods precious d' ye make a
Death of me already? 'tis true indeed you
Have worn me to mere skin and bones; I
Have pray'd and pray'd, till I have pray'd my
Self into a Conſumption about you, and yet
I am not quite dead, and nothing but Death
Can unty Marriages that I know.

Tam. Nor nought but Hell contrive to tye ſo faſt.
All other Beings may find ſome Relief:
The wretched Slave, that tugs the painful Oar,
Lives ſtill in hopes, he once may get his Freedom.
Th' unhappy Merchant toſs'd in ſtormy Winds,
I'th' midſt of Clouds and all tempeſtuous Dangers,
Shrugs himſelf up in hopes to find a Calm,
When ſafe he may behold the cheerful Sun.
Even Vegetives all feel this Influence:
The wrinkled Face of our dear Mother Earth,
That Winter furrows with its nipping Froſts,

Smiles at th' approach of the Springs youthful God,
And decks her wither'd Brow with Buds, and Flowers.
All things may have redreſs, but thoſe that marry:
Even Death relieves not us, till 'tis too late.
Were I to torture one I wiſht were dead,
To load her with a Curſe, I'de bid her Wed.

Ter. 'Gad forgive me, why did you doe it then? I'me ſure 'Twas without my Advice: I have told you many and Many a fair time, a Womans Conſcience may be Satisfied like a good Chriſtian, without going to a Prieſt for a Conjugal Hoop to bind her to her Good Behaviour: beſides, was it not done with your Conſent? Did you not give your Heart?

Tam. I give my Heart!
No, all the Saints can witneſs not one grain,
Or atome on't; or leſs, if leſs can be:
I give my Heart! alaſs, I had no Heart,
No Will, no Sence; was fatally diſtracted,
Tortur'd, and teiz'd by Miſers, call'd Relations;
Stark mad, they bid me Sign my Death, I did it;
And the unhappy Church-man that ſtood by
To joyn our Hands was ſure as mad as I.

Ter. If he had ſtript you both, and clapt Breaſt to Breaſt, That your Hearts might have joyned, he had done Wiſer; for my part I never liked that old Cuſtom of joyning Hands, there's no luck in't; I made my Daughter *Cons* joyn Feet with her Husband.

Tam. Wou'd I had joyned my ſelf to Death, then ſure I had been happy.

Ter. Nay, nay, not a word more of Death, if thou Loveſt me; thou haſt yet a great deal to do With the things of this World, Child: Come, come, I know you have been much diſtreſt by Fortune; I know too you loved, and were betroth'd to *D' Amboiſ*, One that, to ſay truth, was a Man every Inch Of him: nay, to do him Juſtice, the Gentleman Wanted no parts to recommend him, but that he was poor.

Tam. Poorer perhaps for me.
Too well I know his riotous Expences:
To court me in the dawning of our Love,
What Maſques, what Revels, what triumphant Shews,
Were ſtill addreſs'd! nor will I be ungrateful.
Here, take this purſe, prythee ſeek him out;
I hear he ſhuns Converſe and Company,
Hates the bright Sun, that ſmiles upon his Sorrows,
And wiſhes he and that might ſet for ever.
Oh! ſeek him out, and with thy kindeſt phraſe
Aſſure him of my Friendſhip.

Ter.

Ter. Well, I hear you, but what ſays my Prayer book
To this? Sure theſe grateful Actions come all under
The notion of Charity! 'tis all Charity; come, ſet
Your heart at reſt, the Gentleman ſhall know the
Good Will you bear him.

Tam. It may be he 'll deſire to ſpeak with me,
For all wrong'd Lovers ſtill have much to ſay:
If ſo, then take this Secret; there's a Trap-door
To a dark Vault that opens in my Apartment,
Which to my Husband never yet was known;
To clear his Doubts for once I'le there admit him,
Without offence to Conjugal Obligements.

Ter. Poor Heart, how fearful ſhe is of offending!
Well, I'le go to the Church, and pray for a Bleſſing
Upon my Endeavours, and then I'le try what I
Can do to bring you together: It ſhall go hard
But your Scruple ſhall be ſatisfied; I think
I am bound in Conſcience to take care of your
Scruple. Come, come, cheer up, at night expect an
Anſwer, I'le about it inſtantly. [*Exit.*

Tam. That he was Poor, there lies the fatal Plague,
That murders Peace, and breaks poor Lovers Hearts.
Oh, ſhe is damn'd into the inmoſt Hell,
That breaks a ſolemn Vow or holy Contract,
For Int'reſt, or her Lovers being poor.
That there's a Nobleneſs i'th' midſt of Want
Appears by ſome Mens Actions; for as we ſee
Mean Habits gracefully adorning ſome,
Whilſt others look like Aſſes in Embroidery:
So a brave Man ſhines out in ſpight of Poverty,
His Mind is great, though ſcanty be his Store,
'Tis he, that wants the Soul to give, is Poor. [*Exit.*

SCENE. II. A Grove.

Enter D' Ambois *poorly habited.*

D' Ambois. FOrtune, not Reaſon rules the State of things;
Reward goes backwards, Honour on its head:
Who is not poor, is monſtrous; *only Need*
Gives Form and Worth to every humane Seed.
As Cedars beaten with continual Storms,
So great Men flouriſh, and do imitate
Unskilful Statuaries, that ſuppoſe
In frameing a *Coloſſus*, if they make him
Stroddle enough, ſtrut, and look big and gape,
Their Work is goodly; So Men meerly great,
In their affected Gravity of Voice,
Sourneſs of Countenance, Manners, Cruelty,

Authority, Wealth, and all the Spawn of Fortune,
Think, they bear all the Kingdomes worth before 'em;
Yet differ not from thoſe Coloſſick Statues.
Man is a Torch borne in the Wind, a Dream,
But of a Shaddow, ſum'd with all his Subſtance,
And as great Seamen, uſing all their Studies,
And Skils in *Neptunes* deep inviſible Paths,
In ſtout Ships richly built, and rib'd with Braſs,
Do put a bridle round about the World;
When they have done it, coming near their Haven,
Are fain to give a Warning-piece, and call
A poor ſtai'd Fiſherman, that never paſt
His Countrys Sight, to waſt, and guide 'em in.
So when we wander fartheſt through the Waves
Of glaſſy Glory and the Gulphs of State,
Topt with all Titles, ſpreading all our Reaches,
As if each private Arm wou'd ſphere the Earth,
We muſt to Virtue for our Guide reſort,
Or we ſhall ſhipwrack in our ſafeſt Port.

Enter Monſieur, *and* Page.

Monſ. Since there's no ſecond Place in Sovereign State,
I ſtand but as a Cypher; in a King
All Places are contain'd, his Words and Looks
Are like the Flaſhes and the Bolts of *Jove*;
His Deeds inimitable, as the Sea,
That uncontrolable ſtill ebbs and flows:
There's but a Thread, betwixt me and a Crown,
I ſhould not wiſh it cut, unleſs by Nature:
Yet to prepare me for that poſſible Fortune,
'Tis good to get reſolved Spirits about me.
I follow'd *D' Ambois* to this green Retreat,
A Man of Courage beyond the reach of Fear,
Who diſcontent with his neglected Worth,
Abhors the Light, and ſeeks obſcure Abodes.
But he is young, and haughty, apt to take
Fire at Advancement, to bear State, and flouriſh;
In his Riſe therefore ſhall my Bounty ſhine,
And make his Pride, firſt Step to my Deſign.
What! *D' Ambois*!

D' Ambois. He, Sir.

Monſ. Turn'd to Earth alive!
Up man, the Sun ſhines on thee.

D' Ambois. Let it ſhine,
I am no Mote to play in't, as great Men are.

Monſ. Call'ſt thou Men great in Place Motes in the Sun?
They ſay ſo, that wou'd have thee freeze in Shades.
Who wou'd believe thy Metal cou'd be ſloth,

Ruſt

Ruſt and conſume? If *Themiſtocles*
Had liv'd obſcure thus in the State of *Athens*,
Xerxes had made both it and him his Slaves.
If brave *Camillus* had lurkt ſo in *Rome*,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Nor four times Triumpht.

D' Ambois. What wou'd you have me do?

Monſ. Leave the troubled Streams,
And live with Thrivers at the Fountain head.

D' Ambois. The Fountain head! alaſs, what ſhou'd I do
With that inchanted Glaſs? ſee Devils there?
Or like a Strumpet learn to ſet my Looks,
To pleaſe the gaudy Court, and practiſe Jugling?
Keep a Slaves double Tongue, and double Heart?
Flatter great Lords, to put 'em ſtill in mind,
Why they were made Lords? or pleaſe humourous Ladies,
With Apiſh Cringes? tell 'em wanton Tales,
To make their Phyſick work? ſpend a Mans Life
In Sighs, and Viſitations, that will make
His Eyes as hollow as his Miſtreſs Heart?
Do no good, but to thoſe that have no need,
But gain being forward, tho' your break for haſt
All the Commandments e're you break your Faſt?
Shall I learn this there?

Monſ. No, thou need'ſt not learn,
Thou haſt the Theory, go there and Practiſe.

D' Ambois. Yes, in a thread-bare Suite: when Men come there
They muſt have high Naps, and go from thence bare.
A Man may drown the parts of ten brave Men
In one poor Suit; fine Show and outward Gloſs
Attract Court Loves, Merit has no Friend there.

Monſ. Thou ſha't have Gloſs enough, and all things fit,
To free from this dull Cloud thy ſmother'd Spirit;
Be rul'd by me then. Th' antient *Scythians*
Painted blind Fortunes powerfull Hand with Wings,
To ſhew her Gifts come ſwift and ſuddainly;
Which if her Favourite be not ſwift to take,
He loſes them for ever; then be wiſe,
Stay but a while hear, and I'le ſend to thee. *Exit Monſ.*

D' Ambois. What will he ſend, ſome Gold?
It is to ſow upon my Spirits, and make't ſpring a Crown
Worth Millions of the Seed Crowns he will ſend;
For well I know the height of his Ambition.
O Providence, how ſacred are thy Orders,
That this great Devil here, throughout all *France*
Cou'd find no Agent for his horrid purpoſe
But me, whoſe beſt Religion is my Loyalty!
The only he, that wou'd confound his Miſchiefs,
Is a clear ſign of your Eternal Juſtice.

I am

I am for honeſt Actions as for great;
If I can bring up a new faſhion,
And riſe in Court for Virtue, ſpeed his Plough:
The King has known me long as well as he,
Yet cou'd my Fortune never fit the length
Of both their Underſtandings, till this hour.

Enter Maſſe.

Maſſe. Humour of Princes! can this Fellow here,
This ſneaking, paltry, tatter'd Ragamuffin
Have any Merit worth a Thouſand Crowns?
His Highneſs ſure is mad, or would make me ſo.
He looks as if he rather wants a Dinner,
A good large Bellyful than a full Bag:
I muſt examine this. How now, poor Fellow,
Is thy name *D' Ambois*?

D' Ambois. Sir.

Maſſe. Is thy name *D' Ambois*, I ask thee; what,
Art deaf?

D' Ambois. How now? who have we here? ſerve you the *Monſieur*?

Maſſe. What?

D' Ambois. 'S death, ſerve you the *Monſieur*?

Maſſe. Yes that I do ſerve the *Monſieur*; this Fellow's
Sawcy, a right beggerly impudent Rogue, [*Aſide.*
I'le not give him a ſouſe.

D' Ambois. Why then, Sir, I ſuppoſe.

Maſſe. Sir, I ſuppoſe—— Good Captain Bare-enough, that
I am Steward to my Lord, and will be uſed with
More Reſpect ere I diſpoſe his Bounty, for all
You are ſo hot, Sir.

D' Ambois. I cry your mercy, Sir.
Now you have open'd my dull Eyes, I ſee you,
And ſhould be glad to ſee the Bounty ſpoke of.
Pray what might I call your Name?

Maſſe. My Name! 'tis a ſign thou art a fine Fellow
Not to know my Name, thou haſt been well
Bred I warrant; but come, to make thee a
Little wiſer, know at Court Men call me
Monſieur *Maſſe*.

D' Ambois. Monſieur *Maſſe*!

Maſſe. Ay, with your Hat off, Sirrah, *Monſieur Maſſe*,
Learn Breeding, Sirrah, learn Breeding.
Well, to proceed to a farther underſtanding,
What Countryman are you, Friend?

D' Ambois. Why Friend, ſuppoſe an Engliſhman.

Maſſe. An Engliſhman!

D' Ambois. An Engliſhman.

Maſſe

Maſſe. Why then you 're a Madman, Sirrah; and there's
Another Reaſon I'le not give you a Souſe.
D' Ambois. How! A Madman, Sir.
Maſſe. Oo'ns you're all ſo, there's not a ſound Brain
Amongſt you, ſome with Love, ſome with Drink,
And ſome with a kickſey-whimſey thing you call Religion;
You're bewitcht, the Devils in you all.
D' Ambois. Moſt admirable Steward, what an impudent
Dog is this! [*Aſide.*
Maſſe. I've found this Fellow out, I ſee quite through
Him now: a hundred Crowns will make him ſwagger,
Caper, and get drunk with drinking
Healths to my Lords Royal Bounty:
So there's nine hundred ſaved, to give my Wife,
A Necklace, Ring, or ſome ſuch pretty trifle;
This now is call'd Diſcretion: here poor
Caterpillar, not to defer thy Fortune any longer,
His Highneſs ſends thee a whole hundred Crowns.
D' Ambois. A hundred, Sir! nay, do his Highneſs right;
I know his Hand is larger, and perhaps
I may deſerve more than my Outſide ſhows;
I am a Poet, as I am a Soldier;
And being well incourag'd, Sir, may write
His praiſe for giving, yours for delivering,
Like a moſt faithful Steward what he orders.
Maſſe. A Poet too, and in this Age of Blockheads!
Thou'rt like to be an Alderman; prythee
Take my Advice, and inſtead of thy Poetry
Learn to pick a Pocket, or the myſterious Art
Of Pimping. But
Prythee if thou ſhou'dſt fall a Rhimeing
What wou'd thy Subject be? Ha!
D' Ambois. Why faith I care not much:
If to his bounteous Grace I ſing the praiſe
O fair great Noſes, and to you of Long ones. [*Pulls him by the Noſe.*
Maſſe. An odd ſort of a Fellow this, a very
Odd ſort of a Fellow, and 'Gad I
Begin to fear him.
D' Ambois. How ſay you? how doſt thou like the Theme,
Old Ink-bottle? hah! Come, what Qualities
Have you beſides your Jacket, and Gold Chain?
Can your Worſhip dance? [*Turns him about.*
Maſſe. This is a plaguy Fellow, and I'me as plaguely
Affray'd of him: If he ſhou'd be poſſeſs'd with
A Britiſh Devil now, or carry ere a *Gomera*
Crag-Snuffle-dum-weehee Fiend about
Him, that ſhou'd break my head in old Welſh,
I had better have left off playing Tricks, 'Gad I'le venture
Him no longer, come, come, doſt hear?

I jeſted with thee a little to try thy Wit, but
Now in earneſt bring thee a Thouſand Crowns;
Sirrah, be thrifty and play the good Husband,
And you may make it a good ſtanding Living,
'Tis a Bounty his Highneſs might perhaps have
Beſtowed better.

D' Ambois. Sirrah, y' are a Raskal, and you lye. [*Strikes him.*

Maſſe. How, Sir.

D' Ambois. Mutter another Word,
And by thy Villains Blood it is thy laſt. [*Strikes again.*

Maſſe. Oh Lord!

D' Ambois. A barbarous Groom, to grudge his Maſters Bounty!
For well I know he wou'd like Death abhor
His Hind ſhou'd argue, what he gives his Friend.
Down, crouch, you Mungrel Cur, crawl to your Kennel,
And thank thy ſordid Baſeneſs that preſerves thee. { *Throws him down,*

Maſſe. Ah----why this was rather a { *kicks him and Exit.*
Belzebub than a Britain, this muſt
Be ſome damn'd hot *Bavarian* Flap-dragon,
That has been Bombing of Towns, and
Comes juſt now fizzing red hot out of a
Mortar-piece; have I liv'd thus long with the
Authority of a Controuler, and am I at laſt
Forc't to crawl like a Dog in a Dublet,
And at my years too? Well, If this be known,
I ſhall be hooted to Death by all the Boys;
Therefore I'le keep it ſecret, and limp home
As well as my Legs will carry me, and
The better to diſguiſe it,
I'le my old ſtock of Impudence put on,
And look, as well as one that's beaten can.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT. II.

SCENE I. The Court.

Enter Tamira *and* Charlott.

Tam. I Scarce have Senſe left to believe thy News.
Cha. Madam, you may rely upon't.
Tam. O Heavens!
That Monſieur has brought *D'Amboiſe* to Court!
Cha. Moſt certainly; and hangs about his Neck
As if they Twinn'd both at a Birth together:
He's now to introduce him to the King.
How much concern'd ſhe is! [*Aſide.*
Tam. O cou'd he look
In ſome inchanted Glaſs, and ſee my Heart,
How the poor Inmate ſtruggles to get out;
And when my Soul beholds him through my Eyes,
How it leaps up in Extaſie to meet him!
Then ſure he would not think I was ungrateful.
Cha. She's ſtrangely Rapt! [*Aſide.*
Tam. Pray Heaven my Governeſs have kept her Word:
This News affects me ſtrangely: And ſee,
The King and Court appear. Lie cloſe my Joyes, [*Exit* Cha.
Smother'd, and huſht like Waters in a Calm;
I'le thruſt my ſelf into the Crowd to ſee
The Entrance of my Hearts beſt Deity.

Enter King Henry, Guiſe, Montſurry, Barriſor, L'Annou, Pirrhot, Briſack, Mellinel, *Dutcheſs of* Guiſe, Beaupre, Annable, Pero, *Guards and Attendants.*

Briſ. Theſe bold Confederates crowd about the *Guiſe*,
As if they'd brave the King here in the Preſence.
Mel. Oh, you know Faction is a kind of Hydra,
That whilſt you Lop one Head, another grows.
Briſſ. This new made Peace between the *Guiſe* and him
I fear wants Power to quench the old Reſentments.
King. When went the Engliſh Embaſſadors from hence?
Briſſ. Some two days ſince, Sir.
King. That Iſland once was happy in her Natives;
And no one Court in *Chriſtendom* could boaſt
Of Men more Valiant or more rarely qualified.
With Shame, I needs muſt own it, our French Court

Was held a Mirrour of Confuſion to it.
Guiſe. I never thought ſo Sir.
Briſs. Faith I believe thee:
Nor any thing elſe that ever he thought. [*Aſide.*
Mell. Peace, we ſhall hear more; I ſee th'Ambitious Vein
Is glowing on the front of the Proud *Guiſe.*
King. How is it then my Lord in your Opinion?
Guiſe. For my part Sir, I think e'm ſlight and vain,
And that they've aped the Model of our Court
As they have ſtill out-aped us in our Habits.
Never were Snakes ſo weary of their Skins,
And apt to leap out of themſelves as they;
Who when they Travel to become Rare Men,
Come home improv'd with a new foppiſh Suit,
Like Monkies, cover'd with the Garbs of Men.
Mount. Nay now my Lord, your Grace is moved with Spleen:
For tho the Youth and Gayety of ſome
May ſhew a little lightneſs of the Soul,
Till Ripening Years has given 'em Grains of weight,
Yet no wiſe Husbandman gives o're his Harveſt
Becauſe there chanced a Mildew, or a Blaſt;
But Gleans the beſt and ſoundeſt of his Grain,
Till the next Year repairs him with its Plenty.
King. Vain as they were, my Lord, ſlight as you make 'em,
I ſhould be highly pleaſed by your example
To ſee our Count outdo 'em.
Mell. There's a Rub.
Briſs. The *Guiſe* will at him agen;
He's ſtudying for another Contradiction,
I'le lay my Life.
Mell. Hee'd Choak elſe.
Ha! can I believe my Eyes? look, who comes yonder?

Enter Monſieur *and* D'Amboiſe, *Richly Habited.*

Briſs. D'Amboiſe, by all that's good, and *Monſieur* with him.
Mell. This is an Age of Miracles;
How the *Guiſe* Ogles him!
Mons. Sir, I have brought a Gentleman to Court, and
Pray will you vouchſafe to do him Grace.
King. D'Amboiſe I think. [*D'Amboiſe Kneels and Kiſſes the King's Hand.*
D'Amboiſe. That's ſtill my name, Dread Sir,
Tho I am ſomewhat alter'd in my Habit.
King. I like your Alteration, and muſt tell you
I have expected the offer of your Service,
For I, in fear to make mild Vertue proud,
Uſe not to ſeek her out in any one.
D'Amboiſe. Nor does ſhe, to ſeek out every one.
Monarchs indeed have a prerogative,
And Vertue is their Vaſſal.

Monſ.

Monſ. I woo'd her Modeſty in him, Sir,
And paid her thoſe dues that I think ſhe merits.
King. If you have woo'd and won, then Brother wear him.
Monſ. Thou art mine, *D'Amboiſe*,
Come now, I'le Enter thee [*Governeſs aſide whiſpers D'Amboiſe.*
Among the Ladies; firſt here's
The *Guiſe*'s Dutcheſs; the next the Joy of my Soul,
The Charming Counteſs of *Mount Surry*.
D'Amboiſe. Ha! What ſays he? the Joy of his Soul? [*Aſide.*
Monſ. Come, I'le introduce you.
Ladies, you are too many to be in Counſel,
I have here a Friend that will be glad to
Enter into your Graces.
Dutch. If he would be enter'd into our Graces, my Lord,
Methinks you ſhould give him leave to ſpeak
For himſelf.
Beau. Has he never been a Courtier, my Lord?
Monſ. Never, my Lady.
Dutch. And why did the Toy take him in the Head now?
D'Ambois. 'Tis Leap-Year, Madam, and therefore very
Good to enter a Courtier.
King. Dutcheſs of *Guiſe*, you'll find there's one
Is not too Baſhful. [*King goes and ſits down at a Table, and beckons* Mount Surry
Dutch. No, Sir, I rather wiſh he *to Play at Cheſſe.*
Be'nt guily of the bold Extremity.
Tam. The Gentleman would be a Courtier at
Firſt ſight; but Sir you are miſtaken, you muſt
Learn your Horn-book, and your Pſalter, and
A ſcurvy Treatiſe or two more, before you
Come to your Court Grammar.
D'Amboiſe. You ſhall teach me any Leſſon you pleaſe Madam,
Nay, and whip me, if I grow dull; I'm ſure
'Twill be reaſonable, and for my Inſtruction.
Dutch. I dare ſwear, he has aſſurance enough,
To think he does deſerve at firſt.
D'Amboiſe. Faith Madam, that aſſurance you ſpeak of,
I think is the only thing I want of a Courtier;
But I ſhall quickly improve, and would
Gladly take Protection Madam, under
Your Graces Colours.
Dutch. Soft and Fair Sir, do you not know you
Muſt riſe by degrees, firſt being the Servant
Of ſome common Lady, or Knights Wife;
Then a little higher, to a Lords Wife; next
A little higher, to a Counteſs; yet a little
Higher to a Dutcheſs; and then turn the
Ladder.
Guiſe. How now! they're very familiar methinks.
Barr. } Ha, ha, ha.
L'Annou. }

D'Amboiſe. Will you allow a Man then Four Miſtreſſes Madam,
When the greateſt Miſtreſs is allowed but Three Servants?

Dutch. Where find you that Statute, Sir?

D'Amboiſe. Why be judg'd by the Groom Porters.

Dutch. The Groom Porters?

D'Amboiſe. Ay Madam, muſt not they judge of all
Games I'th' Court?

Dutch. You talk like a Gamſter.

Guiſe. Sir, know you me?

D'Amboiſe. My Lord?

Guiſe. I know you not; whom do you ſerve?

D'Amboiſe. Serve, my Lord?

Guiſe. Hence prating Upſtart, your Courtſhip is
Too Sawcy.

D'Amboiſe. Upſtart and Sawcy; 'tis the *Guiſe*, but yet
Thoſe Terms might have been ſpared
Of the *Guiſard.* Sawcy, he's Jealous by
This light; are you blind o'that ſide Duke! I'le
To her again, for that: on Princely Miſtriſs,
For the honour of Courtſhip, another Riddle.

Guiſe. Ceaſe your Courtſhip, or by Heavens I'le cut your Throat.

D'Amboiſe. Cut my Throat, cut a Whetſtone; Butcher
Every thing with thy Tongue, or thy curſt Agents,
Thy Sword I'm ſure is ſlow enough in danger:
I wiſh the King fear'd the cutting of his Throat
No more, than I fear thy cutting mine.

Guiſe. I'le do't by this Hand.

D'Amboiſe. That Hand dares not do it;
Thou'ſt cut too many Throats already, *Guiſe*,
And Robb'd the Land of many Thouſand Souls
More precious than thy own. Come Madam,
I beſeech your Grace talk; your Wit does wonders;
For as I was ſaying,

Pyrr. There's ſome ſtrange diſorder.

Barr. A ſudden Tranſmigration with *D'Amboiſe*;
Methinks in a minute; from the Court Lobby
Into the Dutcheſſes Cloſſet.

L'Ann. You ſee what wonders a fine Suit can work.

Pyrr. Prithee ſtep to the *Guiſe* and diſcover him.

Barr. By no means, let the new Suit work;
We'll ſee the Iſſue.

Guiſe. Leave your prating.

D'Amboiſe. I will not. I ſay noble Miſtreſs, and I will ſtand too't,
That if a Woman may have Three Servants, a Man
May have Threeſcore Miſtreſſes.

Guiſe. Sirrah, I'le have you whipt out of the Court
For this Inſolence.

D'Amboiſe. Whipt! ſuch another Syllable out of the preſence
If thou darſt for thy Dukedom.

Guiſe

Guiſe. Remember Poltroon.

Monſ. What's the matter? prithee forbear.

D'Amboiſe. Oh by the Infernals, were not the King i'th preſence,
He ſhould ſtrew the Chamber like a Ruſh.

Monſ. But leave Courting his Wife then.

D'Amboiſe. 'Sdeath, Hell and Furies, I'le Court her
In ſpight of him. Not Court her? Come Madam,
For Heavens ſake talk on, fear nothing; but
Let's have another Story. Well mayſt thou
Drive thy Maſter from the Court, but never *D'Amboiſe.*

Monſ. His great Heart will not down, come
Come away my Lord,—— [*To* Guiſe, *he takes the Dutcheſs away; then Ex.* Monſ. *Dutcheſs Ladies and* Guiſe.

Guiſe. I'le find a time.

D'Amboiſe. Piſh, Vapour.

Tam. Pray Heaven the old Governeſs
Has done her Meſſage; I would fain ſpeak with him,
For methinks the *Guiſe* looks very miſchievouſly.

Barr. Why here's a Lion ſcared with the
Throat of a Dunghill Cock: A Craven
That has juſt ſhaked off his Gaffets, now does
He Crow for the Victory.

L'Ann. 'Tis one of the beſt Farces e're was acted.

Pyrr. Who does the *Guiſe* ſuppoſe him to be,
I wonder.

L'Ann. Some Countrey Heir, I warrant, and thinks
That Suit new drawn out of the Mercer's Book.

Barr. I have heard of a Fellow that by fixt
Imaginations, looking upon a Bull-Baiting,
Had a viſible pair of Horns grew out
Of his Forehead; ſo I believe this Gallant
Overjoy'd with Monſieur's caſt Suit, imagines himſelf
To be Monſieur.

Pyrr. Peace, he looks this way. What will you ſay
Now, if the *Guiſe* be gone to fetch a Blanket for him?

L'Ann. D'ſlife, how he ſtares on us!

Barr. Bleſs us, let's away!

Briſs. D'Amboiſe is making up to 'em, I hope 'twill
Come to ſomething.

Mell. The ſneering Fops, deſerve a beating richly.

D'Amboiſe. I'll ſay that for 'em.
Now Sir, take your full view; how does the
Object pleaſe you?

Barr. If you ask my Opinion Sir, I think your Suit ſits as well
As if't had been made for you.

D'Amboiſe. So Sir, and was that the ſubject of your ridiculous
Jollity?

Pyrr. Perhaps it was Sir.

D'Amboiſe. Sir, I have obſerved all your ſleerings;
And though you're now in a place of ſafety,
We ſhall meet, when this buffoonly Grinning

Will

Will coſt you the beſt Blood in your Bodies.

L. Ann. Go, go, Sir, Court your Miſtreſs, and bring her to your Party.

Bar. Ay, and his Siſter too, or elſe we ſhall have odds againſt him.

D'Ambois. Piſh, Valour ſtands not in number: I dare avouch
One Man may beat three Boys.

Barr. Boys Sir!

Briſſ. Nay Gentlemen, you ſhall have no odds of him neither,
He's as good a Man as the proudeſt of you, and
You ſhall not wrong him.

Barr. Not Sir.

Mell. Not Sir; tho he have not your Titles, I believe him a
Better Man than the beſt of you,
And I'le Juſtifie him.

Pyrr. Will you, Sir?

Mell. Yes, Sir, that will I.

D'Ambois. I ſhou'd thank you for this Kindneſs, Gent.
If I thought theſe perfumed Muskats being
Out of this Priviledge durſt but mew at us.

Barr. Does your Confidence doubt that, Sir? Follow and try.

L'Ann. Come, Sir, we'll lead you a Dance. *Exeunt.*

King riſes from Play.

King. My Lord, your Judgment gets the better of me,
I ſhould take odds of you.

Mont. A Minute's Chance, Sir: To morrow it will
Be your Majeſties.

King. Perhaps ſo too. When went the *Guiſe* away?

Mount. About half an hour ſince, Sir; and as I gueſs
In ſome diſtaſte with *D'Amboiſe.*

King. I know it galls his Envy, to ſee his ſuddain
Bravery and Great Spirit.

Mont. I hope not, Sir, the *Guiſe* has many Vertues.

King. O my Lord,
This Envy is a Creature of ſtrange Nature;
She feeds on outcaſt Intrails like a Kite:
In which foul Heap, if any Ill lies hid,
She ſticks her Beak into it, ſhakes it up,
And throws it all abroad, that all may view it;
Corruption is her Nutriment; but touch her
With any Sovereign Oyntment, and you kill her.
Where ſhe finds any Faults in Men, ſhe feaſts,
And with loud Scandals bruits 'em through the World,
To ſpread Contagion; but if ſhe taſtes
The ſmalleſt Reliſh of commended Virtue,
She Surfeits of it, and is like a Fly
That paſſes all the Bodies ſoundeſt parts,
And dwells upon the Sores. Wiſe Men may ſhun her,
But ſhe has never Power to ſhun her ſelf.
For whereſoe're ſhe flies from her own harms,
She bears her Foes ſtill Claſpt within her Arms.

SCENE *The Field.*

Enter D'Amboiſe, Briſſack, Mellinel, Barreſſor, L'Annou, Pyrhot, *ſtript for the Duel.*

Barr. Come ſurly Sir, whoſe rough Abilities
Would joſtle out the Vertues of Mankind,
And proudly think yours are the only Worthy;
We'll ſhew you that we are not ſo much Courtiers,
But we can fight as well as we can talk.
D'Ambois. I am glad on't,
And wiſh all Courts were furniſh'd with ſuch Men;
Good ones would then be valued, and Fools find Scorn:
We judge of Minds not by their Deeds, but Habits,
And gaudy flattering Favourites are eſteem'd
The wiſeſt in the Land, tho ne're ſuch Blockheads.
L'An. Our Swords will beſt decide our Merits, Sir:
Briſſ. They are the fitteſt Diſputants i' th' Field.
D'Ambois. One thing I urge: Theſe Gentlemen are Strangers,
And tho they nobly lent their Courteſie
To aſſiſt me againſt your mean deriding me;
The Injury was Levell'd all at me,
And I would right my ſelf againſt ye all:
Let one at once aſſail me honourably,
If I hold out t' th' laſt, mine be the Praiſe;
Or if I ſink by th' firſt, let it be thine:
It will a ſatisfaction give in Death,
That I have not engag'd the Innocent.
Barr. This looks like Boaſt, *D'Amboiſe*; but be it ſo.
Mell. I except againſt the Offer.
Briſſ. And I:
Think not, *D'Amboiſe*, the Quarrel we eſpous'd
Shall be determin'd, and we not engag'd.
Pirhot. Come, no more Words, ſo we fight, be it any ways.
D'Ambois. It muſt be ſome way, I wiſh it might be mine.
[*They fight,* Mellinor *kills* Pyrhot, Lannou, Briſack.]
Barr. Some Pauſe, *D'Amboiſe*,
Two of our Friends are gone, preſerve the
Others, and thee and I decide it.
D'Ambois. Agreed.
Mellinel. No, I have loſt my Friend, and will revenge him.
Lannou. Come on then.
D'Ambois. It is in vain to ſtop them. Now *Barreſſor*!
Barr. I ſhrink not yet.
D'Ambois. Thy Blood flows faſt.
Barr. I am the lighter for't.
Mell. *D'Amboiſe* Farewel. [Mel. *falls.*
Barr. I follow thee. [Bar. *falls.*
L'An. Here's more Work yet.
D'Ambois. *L'Annou*, thou'rt brave; I'm ſatisfy'd;
There's Blood enough ſhed.

L'Annou.

L'Annou. Too much, *D'Amboise*; had there been none
At all, it had been well; but now there
Must be more; thou wer't for fighting us all round,
Ar't satisfi'd with one?

D'Ambois. Think not I'm tyr'd. Oh *Tamira*, if I fall, Farewel.
[*Fight*, L'Annou *falls.*

L'Annou. Tamira's thine, and thou hast thy Revenge.
Gallant *D'Ambois*! I love thee now, and
Grieve for my Affront.

D'Ambois. The Rest of Infant Souls uncharg'd with Sin be with thee and my Noble Friends.—— Mischief has been too powerful among us; and what my Fate will be who does survive thee, I know not, nor I fear not. Now to *Tamira*; she sent to me before I fought; and 'tis for her I hope, Heaven has preserv'd me.

From Honours Bloody Field I must remove,
And hush my Danger in the Arms of Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Monsieur *and* Tamira.

Monsi. Madam, regard your own Good, if not mine:
You do not know what you may be by me; perhaps I shortly
May have the Power to advance, or pull down any.

Tam. That's not my Study, one way I'm sure
You shall not pull down me. My Husband's Height
Is Crown to all my Hopes; and his retiring
To any mean State shall be my Preferment;
My Honour's in my own Hands, spight of Kings.

Monsi. Honour, what's that? Your second Maidenhead?
Thus all your plaguy Sex will cry when courted
By one you do not fancy; but if you like
Your Addressor, Your Husband is your necessary Tool,
Your Fop, to own Brats which worse Fops beget,
And wears more Horns than are in *Arden* Forest.

Tam. Does this Talk suit a Prince?

Monsi. Do not I know, Madam,
You live in Court here by your own Election,
Frequenting all our Publick Sports and Revels,
All the most youthful Companies of Men?
And wherefore do you this? to please your Husband?
'Tis gross and fulsom: If your Husbands Pleasure
Be all your Object, and you aim at Honour,
In living close to him; get you from Court,
You may have him at home.
Speak plain, and say, I do not like you, Sir,
You're an ill-favour'd Fellow in my Eye,
And I am answered.

Tam.

Tam. Then I pray be answered;
For to be plain, I do not like your Highness
In that way you like.
Monſ. 'Sdeath! Hell and Furies! could I you please your Eye,
You wou'd like me as well e're you would loſe me:
Honour! and Husband! Now by yon bright Planet,
All Hell has not the Miſchief of one Woman.
Tam. Now by this Light, my Lord, I'le tell the King
Your vile and moſt ungenerous Proceedings;
A Lady cannot breath Court-Air, and live
As ſhe was born, and with that ſort of Pleaſure
That fits her ſtate, but ſhe muſt be defamed
With an infamous Lord's Detraction. Who's there?
Come *Diligence*; what? you're at your Book,
When Men are at your Miſtreſs. Have I taught you
Enter Charlotte.
Any ſuch Waiting-womans Quality?
Monſ. Has your Lady taught you to know Men from Men,
To ſquint upon the happy one in Favour,
And turn the Fool that's ſlighted out of Doors?
And d'ye forget? For that's I know your Leſſon,
And ſo farewel good Husband. [*Exit.*
Tam. Farewel wicked Prince, and yet I ſcarce can call him ſo,
For in my Conſcience he is in the right;
And when a Womans Heart is once poſſeſs'd,
Nothing ſo nauſeous as a Second Lover.
Enter Montſurry.
My Husband here! If he ſtays I'm undone.
Mont. How does my Love? Was not the Monſieur here?
Tam. Yes, to rare purpoſe,
And your Cauſe is as good to ſeek him too,
And haunt his Company.
Mont. Why? What's the matter?
Tam. Matter of Death, were I Wife to ſome Men;
I cannot live in Quiet in my Houſe
For Importunities, almoſt to Rapes
Offer'd me by him.
Mont. Prithee bear with him;
Thou knoweſt he is unmarried, and a Courtier,
Ay, and a Prince.
Be merry then my Life, and laugh at him;
I know my Preſence is ſo dear to thee,
That other Men appear worſe than they are:
Yet I muſt beg thy Pardon for this Night,
Thou know'ſt how far I am engag'd to th' King,
Beſides my Promiſe.
Tam. I am ſo ſenſible of it,
That, my Lord, you ſhall not ſtay one minute longer.
Mont. I fear thou wilt be Melancholy.

Tam. No, not much:
Be ſure you come I'th' Morning.
Mont. With the Riſing Sun
I'le viſit thy more comfortable Beauty;
In the mean time Farewel my Love. [*Exit.*
Tam. Adieu, dear Husband.
Oh that all Wives, betray'd to this curſt Yoke,
And forc'd to draw with one they cannot love,
Cou'd ſee this parting 'twixt my Lord and me,
And learn the ſubtile Art of wiſe Diſſembling,
Of which I now pretend to be Arts Miſtreſs,
And beſt know how to bear the Clog of Wedlock.
Get you to Bed. This coming Night [*To* Char.
I'le trouble none of your Services: Make ſure
The Doors, and call your other Fellows to their Reſt.
Char. Yes, Madam; yet I will watch too, [*Aſide*
To know why you watch; perhaps I may diſcover
Something, and deſerve another Purſe
Like that the Monſieur gave me laſt. [*Exit.*
Tam. Oh that as yet my Heart and Inclinations
All tend to Vertue, I could ſway my Paſſion,
And look on D'*Amboiſe* with Indifferent Eyes;
But 'tis too late I fear; Love's powerful Influence
Has crowded every Corner in my Breaſt,
And there's no Room for Decency or Reaſon:
He comes, he comes——
How ſhall I look on him, how ſhall I live,
And not conſume in bluſhes, if there be
In Nature, ſuch a thing as Modeſty? [*Exit.*

Enter D'Amboiſe, Tereſia *from the Vault.*

D'*Ambois.* Is this the Antichamber?
Tereſ. 'Tis next her Bed-Chamber: What? you would be there,
Would you?
D'*Ambois.* Ay, ay, Mother, the cloſer the Devotion the better, you know;
Go, go, prithee give her Notice.
Tereſ. Heark! D'ye hear nothing!
D'*Ambois.* No, no.
Tereſ. The Cats are howling and ſcratching one another;
There's no good near hand, when ſuch unſanctified
Noiſes are abroad.
D'*Ambois.* Let 'em ſcratch and be damn'd: Prithee be gon.
Tereſ. Well, if I am not preferr'd after this, there's no
Gratitude in being, that I'm ſure of: [*Exit.*
D'*Ambois.* Now all the Peaceful Regents of the Night,
Silently gliding Exhalations,
Languiſhing Winds and murmuring Falls of Waters,
Sadneſs of Heart and Ominous ſecureneſs,
Inchantments, dead Sleeps, all the Friends of Reſt
That ever workt upon the Life of Man,

Aſſiſt me now, and this Charm'd Hour,
Fix like the Center, make the violent Wheels
Of time and fortune ſtand, and great exiſtence
(The Makers Treaſure,) now not ſeem to be,
To all but my approaching love and me.

Enter Tamira *and* Tereſia.

Tam. O I muſt ſee him, tho each ſtep he takes
Goes to my Heart.

D'Ambois. Madam upon my Knees I wait your doom.

Tam. O riſe, Sir riſe, why would you come thus late?
Tho I did ſend to you to prevent a danger,
Why would you take me at my word, and at
A time for Viſits ſo unfit? how durſt you
Enter here?

D'Ambois. Where is the harm ſweet, ſince your Honour is ſecure.

Tam. How are you ſure of that? what tho my Husband
Lye forth to Night, and all our Female Servants
Faſt bound in Sleep, yet there's one that wakes above,
Whoſe Eye no Sleep can bind; he ſees
Through Walls and Doors, nay even our Thoughts.

D'Amboiſe. He ſees in pity then, and not in Anger:
Beſides, what can he ſee, but a wrong'd wretch'd Lover,
Taxing his deareſt Miſtreſs with foul Perjury,
And breach of holy Vows?

Tam. O do not break my Heart with talking ſo,
You know I was betrayed.

D'Amboiſe. Then I know too,
You ſhould, if you could pity, do me Juſtice.

Tam. Alas, how is it poſſible? I am now anothers.

D'Amboiſe. By Stealth, by Rapine, Irreligious Force;
For ſure I am, your Will was not conſenting;
And to that Will, ſhould joyn this beauteous Body
Which once I durſt call mine. O by the Gods
Here do I claſp thee with a Lovers right,
And on thy Breaſt, the Altar of my Vows,
The ſweet undoer of a Faithful heart,
Swear by the ſacred influence about thee,
Never to ſever or unlooſe my hold
Till I have Comfort from thee.

Tam. Let go Raſh Man, and ſince you will perſiſt,
Tell me the Story of your Griefs within;
For once I'le hear it; but if you grow bold,
Never expect to ſee my Face again. [*Exit.*

Tereſ. What, I warrant you have angred her now.

D'Ambois. No, no, ſhee'l return preſently; I muſt get this
Old Gibcat out of the way. Prithee dear [*Aſide.*
Mother, look to the Vault Door; I think I heard
A Noiſe. I muſt follow her, ſhe has promis'd

To ſpeak to Monſieur to beg my Pardon of the King
About the Duel; and you know I muſt not neglect it.
Have but a little patience, I'le be with you preſently.
Tereſ. Patience, ah Son, Son, here will be fine work;
Well, go too, Remember, d'ye hear.
D'Amboiſe. Why canſt thou think I'le forget thee? Go, go
Prithee make haſte into the Vault. So, ſo,
And now I'le bring new Forces to the Siege.
Ne're let the Heroe doubt the Fort to win,
That Storms without, and Love betrays within. [Exit.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT. III.

SCENE Continues.

Enter Tamira. [D'Amboiſe *taking leave, deſcends into the Vault.*

Tam. HE's gone, and with him, all my Courage fled,
And I am now left wholly to my Fears;
Oh, I have open'd all the Doors of Danger
To my encompaſs'd Honour and my Life.
Before, I was ſecure 'gainſt Death and Hell,
But now am ſubject to the heartleſs fear
Of every Shadow, and of every Breath;
So confident a ſpotleſs Conſcience is;
So weak a Guilty.
No Roof nor Shelter can ſecure us ſo,
But it will drown our Cheeks in Tears and Sorrow.
Enter Mount Surry.
Mont. Good Morrow to my Life! what up already?
Tam. Ay, my dear Lord, not all this Night have I
Undreſs'd my ſelf, nor could I ſleep a jot.
Mont. Why, my Hearts Joy, what troubled my dear Life?
Tam. Alas, to what end ſhould I go to Bed,
That wholly miſs'd the comfort of my Bed;
My Soul, my Heart, my Life?
Mont. Ah dear, dear, Charmer. [*Embraces her.*
Tam. Or how could Sleep poſſeſs my Faculties,
Wanting the proper cloſer of my Eyes?
Mont. Well, I will never more ſleep night from thee;
All my own buſineſs, all the King's Affairs
Shall take the day to ſerve 'em. Every Night
I'le always dedicate to thy delight.

Tam.

Tam. Not ſo my Lord, that will look much amiſs,
I can make ſhift another night like this.
Mont. Come to the Preſence then, and ſee great *Damboiſe*,
Fortunes proud Muſhroom, ſhot up in a Night,
Stand like an *Atlas* under the King's Arm;
Which Greatneſs in him, Monſieur now envies
As Bitterly and deadly as the *Guiſe*.
Tam. What, he that was but Yeſterday his Maker,
His Raiſer, and Preſerver!
Mont. Even the ſame.
Tam. How can that be? [*How my Heart throbs o'th ſuddain?* Aſide.
Mont. A Duel late was fought of Bloody conſequence,
In which he being principally concern'd,
The Monſieur got his pardon of the King,
And for the ſame, propos'd to him a buſineſs
Which *D'Amboiſe* has refuſed, and ſince inform'd our Maſter
In ſome by-hints th'Ambition of his Brother;
Which being ſecretly obſerved by Monſieur,
Has turn'd his outward love to inward hate.
But on the contrary, the King admires him,
Deſigns him for a Count, and ſtiles him now his Eagle.
Tam. Strange Revolution! but I hope my Lord
You'll take the Juſter ſide.
Mont. Nay, for my part
I have no perſonal malice to the Man,
He never did me hurt.
Tam. Nor me, I'm ſure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King, Guiſe, *Monſieur*, *Dutcheſs*, *Ladies*, *Gent. Guards.*

King. That I did pardon him, was at your Requeſt,
How comes this ſuddain Revocation?
Monſ. I had not then conſider'd on it Sir.
King. Then I have now conſider'd of it Brother,
And find the nature of his Quarrel Juſt. Admit him. [*Enter* D'Amboiſe.
Stand up Count, and let your wary valour [D'Amboiſe *Kneels.*
Henceforth ſhow, that you deſerve our Pardon.
Buſſy. Royal Sir,
I lothe as much a deed of unjuſt nature
As Law it ſelf does, and to inſult on others;
Becauſe I have as little ſpirit to dare,
And power to do, as to be inſulted on;
Yet thus low I muſt humbly beg your Majeſty,
And hope it will be heard by your high Goodneſs,
That I may juſtly uſe what Law and Nature
Have given me for defence; ſince I am free,
Offending no Juſt Law, let no Law make
By any wrong it does, my Life her Slave: But

But when I am wrong'd, this Law fails to right me,
Let me be King my ſelf, as Man was made, [*Riſes.*
And do a Juſtice that exceeds the Law,
If my wrong paſs the power of ſingle Valour,
To right and expiate; you are ſtill my King,
And can do right exceeding Law and Nature.
Who to himſelf is Law, no Law does need,
Offends no Law, and is a Man indeed.

King. Brave Man, enjoy thy wiſh, I'le back it with my Powers.

Buſſy. The Life you give, Great Sir, is ever yours.

King. Thy love ſpeaks heartily, thy Impartial Words
Are like brave Faulcons, that dare truſs a Fowl
Much greater than themſelves; Flatterers are Kites
That prey on Sparrows. Thou ſhalt be my Eagle,
And bear my Thunder underneath thy Wings.

Buſs. Where e're I ſee a ſmooth Tongu'd Sycophant,
I hate him like the Devil, his dear Tutor.

King. Fly at him, and his Brood: I caſt thee off.
And once more give thee Sirname of my Eagle.

Buſs. I'le make you ſport enough Sir, let me have
My Lucerns too, my Dogs Inur'd to hunt
Beaſts of ſuch Rapine, only to put 'em up;
And if I truſs not then my Quarry, ſlight me.
Shew me a Clergy-Man that is in Voice
A Lark of Heaven, in Heart, a Mole of Earth;
That Morals reads, yet leads a wicked life,
Has a meek Look, but a luxurious Paunch;
And tho he preaches vertuous Continence,
Shall meet a fleſh'd Whore in a Bawdy Corner,
And uſe her, tho the Conſequence be Murder.
Let me but Hawk at him, and like a Fellon,
He ſhall confeſs all, and you then may hang him.
Shew me a Lawyer that turns Sacred Law,
The equal render of each Man his own.
The Sanctuary and Impregnable Defence
Of retir'd Learning, and diſtreſs'd Virtue,
Into a Harpy that all things devours,
That in a bad cauſe Bawls till his vile Ears
Are Deaf with the very Ecchoes of his Nonſenſe:
Yet in a good one, if the needy Client want
Gold to anoint, ſhall loſe it for a Jeſt:
Let me but *Hawk* once at the Rogue, and then
He ſhall confeſs all too, and you may hang him.

Enter Mount Surry *and* Tamira. [*King and* Mont. *talk.*

Guiſe. Where would you ſeek ſuch Game as you would hawk at.

Buſs. I'le Hawk about your *Houſe* for one.

Guiſe. Come y'are a Glorious Ruffian, and run Mad

With

With the Kings headlong Graces; ſtop your Breath,
Or by that poyſon'd vapour, not himſelf,
Shall back your Murderous ſlander againſt me.
Buſs. Oh that the King would make his Preſence free
But for one Bruſh betwixt us! By the Reverence
Due to the ſacred ſpace between Kings and Subjects,
Here would I make thee caſt that that popular Purple
In which thy proud Soul ſits and braves thy Sovereign.
Monſ. Peace, Peace, I prithee Peace.
Buſs. Let him peace firſt, that gave the firſt diſturbance.
Monſ. He's the better Man.
Buſs. And therefore ſhould do beſt.
Monſ. He has more Titles.
Buſs. So *Hidra* had more *H*eads.
Monſ. *H*e's greater far.
Buſs. *H*is greatneſs is the Peoples, mine's my own.
Monſ. *H*e's nobly born.
Buſs. What then, ſo am I;
True Nobleneſs in Blood, has no gradation
But in our Merit.
Guiſe. Thou'rt not nobly born,
But Baſtard to the Cardinal of *Amboiſe.*
Buſs. Thou lyeſt proud Guiſerd: Oh let me fly, Sir. [*To the King.*
King. Not in my Face, my Eagle.
Buſs. Still ſhall we rail and foam upon this Bitt?
Is the *Guiſe* only great in Faction?
Stands he not by himſelf? *H*olds he the Opinion
That Mens Souls are without 'em? Be a Duke,
And lead me to the Field.
Guiſe. Come, follow me.
King. Stay 'em, ſtay *D'Amboiſe*; Cozen *Guiſe*, I wonder
Your prudent Diſpoſition brooks ſo ill;
A Man ſo good, that only would uphold
Man in his Native Nobleneſs, from whoſe fall
All our Diſſentions riſe; for 'tis moſt certain,
That the Bounteous and Impartial hand of Nature,
That all things gave in the Original,
Without the definite terms of Thine and Mine,
*H*ad nere bin Raviſh'd by the *H*and of Fortune,
*H*ad all preſerv'd her in her prime, like *D'Amboiſe.*
Let my hand therefore be the *Hermean* Rod,
To part and reconcile, and ſo preſerve you
As my combin'd Embracers and Supporters.
Buſs. My Lord, 'tis the Kings motion, and we ſhall not ſeem
Womaniſh to any, tho we change thus ſo ſoon,
Never ſo great Grudg for his greater pleaſure.
Guiſe. I ſeal to that, and ſo the Manly freedom
That you ſo much profeſs, hereafter prove not

A Bold and glorious Licenſe to deſprave
To me his *Hand*, ſhall hold the *Hermean* Virtue,
To joyn all hearts, in which ſubmiſſive ſign,
On this his Sacred right hand, I lay mine.
Buſs. 'Tis well my Lord, and ſo your worthy greatneſs
Incline not to the greater Inſolence,
And make you think it a prerogative,
To rack Mens Freedom by your Dignity.
My hand ſtuck full of Lawrel, in true ſign
'Tis wholly dedicate to Righteous Peace,
In all ſubmiſſion kiſſes t'other ſide.
King. I thank ye both; and equally invite you
To a kind Banquet, where we'll ſacrifice
Full Cups to Confirmation of our Loves.
At which, fair Ladies, I deſire your Preſence,
And hope you Madam, will take off one Glaſs
To the Reconcilement of your Lord and Servant.
Dutcheſs. If I ſhould fail it Sir, ſome other Lady
Would be found there to do that for my Servant.
Monſ. Any of theſe here?
Dutcheſs. Nay, I know not that.
Buſs. Are you of that Opinion, pretty Lady?
Tam. I think not on you Sir, y'are one I know not. [*Scornfully.*
Buſſy. Cry ye Mercy Madam.
Mont. Oh Sir, has ſhe met with ye, ha, ha, ha.
Buſſy. 'Tis ſtill my Luck my Lord, [*Exeunt King*, D'Amb. *and Ladies.*
Manent Guiſe, Monſieur *and* Mount Surry.
Monſ. What had my Bounty drunk, when it rais'd him?
Guiſe. Y'have ſtuck up a very worthy Flag,
That takes more Wind, than we with all our Sails.
Mont. Oh how he ſpreads and flouriſhes!
Guiſe. He muſt down;
Upſtarts ſhould never perch too near a Crown.
Monſ. And as this doting hand
Even out of Earth, like *Juno*, ſtruck this Giant,
So *Jove*'s great Ordnance ſhall be here imploy'd
To ſtrike him under th' *Ætna* of his Pride.
To which work, lend your hands. In my opinion
'Tis neceſſary then, that we attempt
The ſafeſt means to that diſcovery,
And court our greateſt Ladies chiefeſt Women
With ſhews of Love, and liberal Promiſes.
I have one already, that I think I'm ſure of;
'Tis but our Breath. If ſomething given in hand
Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well ventur'd.
Guiſe. I'm of your Mind my Lord.
Monſ. I have broken
The Ice to it already with the Woman
Of your Chaſte Lady, and conceive good hopes
Againſt we meet next.

Mont. Ah! there's ſmall hopes there.

Guiſ. Very like— Lord, Lord, how credulous theſe Cuckcold's are? [*aſide.*
——Here, ſhe comes and two of her Companions.

Enter Women.

Monſ. What ſtarting back and from your Friend —— [*Takes hold of* Charlot.

Guiſe. Nay, Faith you are engag'd — [*To* Pero.

Pero. Nay, Pray my Lord, forbear. [*Exit* Pero.

Mont. What, are you skittiſh? [*To* Anable.

Ana. No, my Lord, I have out liv'd that ſeaſon long ſince.

Monſ. Now my dear *Charlotte*, haſt thou remembred me for the diſcovery I intreated thee to make of thy Miſtriſs? Come, ſpeak boldly, and be ſure of all things that I have ſworn to thee.

Charl. Building on that aſſurance, my Lord, I may ſpeak; and the rather, becauſe my Lady has not intruſted me with what I can tell you, for now I do not betray her.

Monſ. Whugh, that's all one; if thou didſt ſo, we reach our aims; come, prithee let's hear.

Charl. To tell you the truth, my Lord, I have made a ſtrange Diſcovery.

Monſ. Excellent Rogue! how thou reviveſt me? thou ſhalt be married this Carnival, I'll make thee a Lady for't; I know a Coxombly Knight of my Acquaintance will do't for a Words ſpeaking.

Charl. Well, really your Highneſs is ſo obliging, tis this
Then: Laſt Night my Lord lay out, and I,
Watching my Lady's ſitting up, ſtole up at Midnight
From my bed, and having made a hole
Quite through the Walls and Arras to her inmoſt Chamber,
What do you think I ſaw?

Monſ. The Devil and ſhe perhaps playing at Picket.

Charl. 'Twas one indeed, that you like as ill as the Devil.

Monſ. I like as ill —— ——

Char. To be brief, my Lord, I ſaw her and *D'Ambois* reading a Letter.

Monſ. D'Ambois!

Char. Even he, my Lord.

Monſ. Doſt thou not dream, Wench?

Charl. I ſwear, he is the Man.

Monſ. The Devil indeed, and thy Lady is his Dam; why
This was the happieſt ſhot that ever flew, the juſt
Plague of Hypocriſie levelled it. Oh the infinite
Regions betwixt a Woman's Tongue and her Heart!
Is this our Goddeſs of Chaſtity? —— But ſweet *Charlot*,
Who ſhould ſhe truſt with this Conveyance? Or all
The doors being faſt, how ſhould his Conveyance be made?

Charl. Nay, my Lord, that amazes me, I cannot by any Study, ſo much as gueſs at it.

Monſ. Well, we'll forbear that a little ——
Mont. Prithee reſolve me, the Duke will never
Think I am buſie about his Wife —— Has *D'Ambois*
Any privy Acceſs to her?
Anab. No my Lord, *D'Ambois* neglects her, and therefore
She is ſuſpitious, that either your Lady or the Lady
Beaupre has cloſely entertin'd him.
Mont. My Lady! ha, ha, that's a likely ſuſpition indeed;
By Heaven, I dare truſt her with a thouſand of 'em.
Monſ. Come, we'll diſguiſe all with ſeeming only to have courted.
Charl. And will your Highneſs be ſure to remember the Knight.
Monſ. I will, I will upon my Honour —— [Exeunt *Women.*
Guiſ. I ſhall live to ſee thee laugh'd at e're it be long, ha, ha, ha.
Monſ. Well, my Lords, What fruit of our Inquiſition? my Lord
Montſurry, find you nothing budding yet?
Mont. It makes me ſmile to think on't, mine ſuſpects that
Your Neice or my Wife cloſely entertains him!
Monſ. Your Wife, my Lord, think you that poſſible?
Mont. Ridiculous! I know ſhe flies him like her laſt hour.
Monſ. Her laſt hour, what! that comes upon her the more ſhe flies it;
Does *D'Ambois* ſo? think ye.
Mont. That's not worth anſwering ——
Monſ. Well, more of this another time, I'll meet you at the Banquet,
and afterwards we'll conſult. [Exit *Monſ.*
Guiſ. 'Tis miraculous to think, what Monſters
Womens Imaginations ingroſs, when they are once
Enamored, and what wonders they'll work for their
Satisfaction, they will make a Sheep valiant, a Lyon fearful.
Mont. And an Aſs confident —— [*Aſide.*
Well, my Lord, more will out ſhortly; come let's to the Banquet.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Hall.

Re-enter Monſieur *and* Maſſe.

Monſ. Make the Doors faſt and ſure, I'll ſpeak with none till I come out.
Maſſ. It ſhall be done my Lord, but I beſeech your Highneſs,
(That I this minute may diſcharge my honeſty,)
Be pleaſed to look on my Accompts.
Monſ. Dam your Accounts, ye Dunce, is this a minute ——
Maſſ. Dam my Accompts, my Lord.
Monſ. Get thee gone, if thou wouldſt ſave a beating:
Away I ſay, and let none enter, on thy Life.
Maſſ. What the Devil ails him?
Monſ. Art thou here ſtill? [*Call Page,* Maſſ.

Maſſ.

Maff. No, no, my Lord, I have been gone this half hour.
What the Devil ails him? [*Petevishly.* [*Exit.*

Monf. Oh the unfounded Sea of Womens Blood!
That when 'tis calmeft is moft dangerous; [*Call* Dambo.
How many Joys are fmiling in their Faces,
When in their Hearts are *Scilla* and *Charibdis*?
But what what a Mine of Sulphur have I drawn
Into my bofome by this dangerous fecret?
Which if my haſte with any Spark ſhould light,
E're *D'Ambois* were engag'd in ſome ſure Plot,
I were blown up, he would be ſure my death:
Grant therefore, thou bright Angel of my Life,
A ſure Leaſe of it, but for ſome few days,
That I may clear my Boſome of the Snake
I cheriſhed there: And then I'll defie Fortune,
I fear him ſtrangely; his advancing Valour
Is like a Spirit rais'd without a Circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him;
And for whoſe Fury he has learnt no limits:
How now —— [*Enter Page haſtily.*

Page. My Lord, Count *D'Ambois* ruſhing in o'th' ſudden,
Is coming up the ſtairs.

Enter Maffe, *running.*

Maff. I cannot help it, what could I do more?
As I was gathering a ſtrong Guard to line
The Paſſage, and bar faſt the Doors, the Man of
Blood is entred.

Monf. Thou ſtareſt as if thou hadſt ſeen the Devil.

Maff. 'Oons I had rather have ſeen a thouſand, I
Am not able to endure ſight of him, I'll goe and hire
A fencing Maſter to fight preſently, there is no living elſe,
I ſhall be murdered three times a day by him; ——
Here he comes, Gad zooks, I'll begone and hide my ſelf. [*Exit.*

Enter D'Ambois.

Monf. Oh! Count, welcome, (pray Heaven he has found
Out nothing,) how now, what leapeſt thou at?

Buſſ. Oh Royal Object!

Monſ. Thou dreamſt, awake, Object? In th' empty Air.

Buſſ. Worthy the Brows of *Titan.*

Monſ. Prithee, what meanſt thou?

Buſſ. See ye not a Crown
Impale the Forehead of the great King *Monſieur*?

Monſ. Fie, fie; no more of that.

Buſſ. Ah Prince! that is the Subject
Of theſe your Melancholy cloſe Retirements.

Monſ. Wilt thou ne'er leave that wrongful Suppoſition?

On my Honour, I'm overjoyed to ſee thee;
Thy Abſence ſo long ſuffered oftentims,
Puts me in ſome ſmall doubt, thou doſt not love me;
Wilt thou do one thing therefore now ſincerely?

Buſſ. Ay, any thing, but killing of the King.

Monſ. Still in that Diſcord and ill taken Note;
How moſt unſeaſonably thou playeſt the Echoe
In this Fall thy of Friendſhip?

Buſſ. Then doubt not,
That there is any Act within my Nerves,
But killing of the King, that is not yours.

Monſ. I will believe, to prove which by my Love
Shewn to thy Vertues:
I charge thee utter, even with all the Freedom,
Both of thy noble Natute and thy Friendſhip,
The full and plain ſtate of me in thy Thoughts.

Buſſ. What! utter plainly what I think of thee.

Monſ. Plain, as Truth.

Buſſ. Why, this ſwims quite againſt the ſtream of Greatneſs;
Great Men would rather hear their Flatterers,
And if they are not made Fools, are not wiſe.

Monſ. I am no ſuch great Fool, and therefore charge thee
Even from the Root of thy free Heart diſplay me.

Buſſ. Since you affect it in ſuch ſerious terms;
If you your ſelf will tell me what you think,
As freely and as heartily of me;
I'll be as open in my Thoughts of you.

Monſ. Agreed upon my Honour, and make this,
That prove we in our full Deſcription
Never ſo foul, live ſtill the ſounder Friends.

Buſſ. What elſe? Come, pay me home, I'll ſtand it bravely.

Monſ. I will I ſwear, I think thee then a Man
That dares as much as a wild Horſe or Tiger,
As headſtrong, and as bloody, and to feed
The ravenous Woolf of thy moſt *Canibal* Valour,
Rather than not employ it, thou wouldſt turn
Bully to any Bawd, Slave to a Jew, or Engliſh Uſurer;
Do any thing—— but killing of the King — [*Fleering by.*
That in thy Valour thou'rt like other Animals,
That have ſtrange gifts in Nature, but no Soul
Diffus'd quite through to make 'em of a piece;
But like a vicious Horſe, that wants the ſenſe
To know his Maſter, who when he has gotten head,
Leaps bolt upright, and having thrown his Rider,
Turns Tail, and with his Hoof knocks out his Brains:
And in thy Valour, which I call Barbarity,
Thou'rt more ridiculous and wainglorious
Than any Mountebanck, and impudent.

Than any painted Whore, which not to flatter
And glorifie thee like a *Jupiter Hammon*,
Tho' eat'ſt thy Heart in Vinegar, and thy Gall
Turns all thy Blood to poyſon, which is Cauſe
Of that Toadpool that ſtands in thy Complection;
And makes thee with a cold and Earthly Moiſture,
As Plague to thy damn'd Pride, rot as thou liv'ſt;
To ſtudy Calumnies and Treacheries,
To humane Slaughters like a Screech Owl ſing,
And to all Miſchiefs — but to kill the King.

Buſſ. So, have you ſaid?

Monſ. Yes Faith, What thinkeſt thou? Do I flatter thee?
Speak I not like a true and truſty Friend?

Buſſ. As ever any Man was bleſſed withal:
Now here's for me; I think you then no Devil,
Becauſe you are very like to be no King;
Of which with any Friend of yours I'll lay
This keen Stiletto againſt all your Stars,
Ay, and againſt your Treaſons, which are more,
That you did never good, but to doe ill;
But ill of all ſorts free and for it ſelf;
That like a Cannon making Lanes through Armies,
The firſt Man of a Rank that whole Rank falling,
If you have wrong'd a Man, you are ſo far
From making him amends, that all his Race,
Friends and Relations fall into your Chace.
That y' have a Tongue ſo ſcandalous, 'twill cut
The pureſt Chriſtal, and a Breath that will
Kill to that Wall, a Spider.
And laſtly, which I muſt for Gratitude ever remember
My Politique Prince, I do believe and know
That of my Riſe you were the only Spring
In Royal Hopes, — that I ſhould kill the King.

Monſ. Why, now I ſee thou lov'ſt me; let's to the Banquet,
And in thy Brothers Poſture meet his Majeſty,

D'Amb. And let Fate judge, that knows what each intends
If ever bitter Foes, ſeem'd better Friends. [*Exeunt.*

[*Curtain falls.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT,

ACT. IV.

SCENE. I.

King, Guiſe, D'Ambois, Mountſurry, Dutcherſe, Tamira, Beaupre, Charlotte, Pero, Anabell, Monſieur: *As at a Banquet, a Song and Dance performed, which ended, the King riſes.*

King. NO Joy can always laſt, our Griefs and Pleaſures,
Hold ſeveral Sceptres in us, and have times
For their devided Empires; and that a Monarch,
Guarded with Power, and bleſt with ſmiling Beauty:
Hem'd round with Friends, and fated with new Pleaſures,
Cannot controll the ills of waining Nature;
Tells us, there is above us ſomething more,
And greater that O'er rules us.

Guiſ. Our Melancholly is the Child of Muſick:
Our Paſſions are ſo pleaſed with it they Surfeit.

Buſ. Methinks the Lady's Cheeks are pale o'th' ſudden,
And ſure your Grace has loſt that quickning Genius,
That us'd to influence the Company.

Dutch. I leave it now to you Sir, meerly to contradict
That common ſaying, that Women ne'er are ſilent.

Monſ. That ſilence, often is a Sullen fit,
That Ladies uſe oft to introduce their Wit.

Dutch. I wiſh your Miſtreſs were here, my Lord, then
We ſhould have, no doubt, a piece of Gayety, I
Believe your Highneſs conſults your Doctor always
About your Women, who adviſes ye to chuſe a pert
Noiſie, talking empty Creature, meerly to help
Your Conſtitution, and drive away the Spleen?

Monſ. Why, faith, a Doctor, is very neceſſary to Madam,
Conſult with, about ſome Women in ſome Caſes.

Mont. He's the very Key-keeper of their cloſeſt Cabinets:
There ſhould, in reaſon, be no other Match-maker.

Buſ. Then your Reaſon, in ſuch a Caſe, would rather
Be guided by Intereſt than Juſtice: Now in my opinion
The Muſty Father, that when his Daughter is of years of Diſcretion, will not let her chooſe a Husband for her ſelf, ought to keep on her leading Strings, and let the Changling Dance about the World, in her Primitive Bibs and Aprons.

Guiſ. What ſay you to that Madam—— [*to Tamira*

Tam. I think the Man has anſwered very well?

Monſ. The Man, why Madam, d'ye not know his Name?

Tam. Man, is a Name of honour for a King;
Additions often leſſen Qualities.

Monſ.

Monſ. D'ye hear, Count; here is a Bar ſet to your Valour,
It cannot enter here; no not to Notice,
Of what your Name is, your great Eagles beak,
Should you fly at her, had as good Encounter
An *Albion* Cliff, as her obdurate heart.
Buſ. I'll not attempt her, Sir? I've heard her Character,
And dare not venture,
King. So fond ſhe's of her Husband, ſhe uſes all men Scurvily:
Monſ. You would ſay ſo, if you knew all, Sir.
Tam. Knew all, my Lord, what mean you?
Monſ. All that I know, Madam,
Tam. That you know ſpeak it.
Monſ. No, 'tis enough I feel it. [*Paſſes from her ſcornfully.*
Dutch. My Lord, if I did know any thing that—— [*to Mont.*
Concerns him, you ſhould be the laſt man, I would
Tell it too; you were not contriv'd to keep a Secret;
I could no more truſt a man with that colour'd
Eye-brow, and Aſtronomical ſort of a Noſe,
Than I would my own woman, if ſhe were baited
With a Husband to trap me in an Intreague:
Monſ. Sweet-heart come hither, prithee what if a man
Should make horns at *Monſurry*, would it not ſtrike
Him jealous through all Proofs of his Chaſte Ladies Virtues.
Buſ. If he be wiſe, not.
Monſ. What? not, if I ſhould name the Gardner,
That I would have him think has grafted him.
Buſ. That's as the Licenſe, that your Greatneſs uſes,
To Jeſt at all men, may be taught and conſtur'd;
Monſ. He could not ſure be ſo blind and ſtupid,
But he muſt feel a Pang.
Buſ. And you perhaps might feel a worſer Puniſhment,
For doing ſuch a miſchief,
Monſ. How, prithee, how?
Buſ. Perhaps led with a Train, where you may have
Your Noſe made leſs and ſlit, your Eyes thruſt out.
Monſ. To me ſuch violence,
Who dares doe this to th' Brother of his King;
Buſ. Were you beſt Brother to the beſt of Kings,
As you are one oth' worſt, did all your Pimps and Panders
Stand round to aid ye, all your ſtormy Laws,
Spouted by Lawyers mouths, and guſhing Blood,
Like to ſo many Torrents; plead againſt me
All your Prerogatives, your Racks and Tortures,
The barbrous Engines of your damn'd Ambition:
All daring Heaven, and opening Hell about ye;
Were I the Man ye wrong'd ſo, and provok'd,
Though ne'er ſo much beneath ye, like a Box-tree,
I would by the firm Toughneſs of my Root.

And the Indulgence of my Radical Vigour,
Battel with all your Whirlwinds; and at laſt,
Should you ſeek ſhelter in the Earths dark Caverns:
Through Flames and Earthquakes, I would find ye there,
And like a Bubble blow ye into Air.
Monſ. Go, thou'rt a Devil, ſuch another Spirit
Cannot be ſtill'd from all th' *Armenian* Dragons.
King. Here's nought but whiſpering with us, like a Calm
Before a Tempeſt, when the ſilent Air
Lays her ſoft Ear cloſe to the Earth, to hearken. [*Call* Tamira, Charlot.
For what ſhe fears, ſteals on to Raviſh her.
It looks, as it forerunn'd ſome Controverſie;
Come, my brave Eagle, lets to Covert fly.
Buſ. Sir, I attend your Pleaſure. [Exit. *King leaning upon* D'ambois,
Guiſ. The King was right in his prophetick Speech,
[*after them the Ladies.*
Now ſtir the Humour and begin the brawl—— [*To* Monſieur. *Exit.*
Mont. The King and *D'Ambois*, now are grown all one?
Monſ. No, they are two, my Lord, [*makes horns at him.*
Mont. How's that?
Monſ. No more.
Mont. I muſt have more my Lord?
Monſ. What, more than two, [*Points agen.*
Mont. How monſtrous is this:
Monſ. Why?
Mont. You make me horns;
Monſ. Not I, it is a work beyond my Power,
Married mens Branches, are not made with Fingers;
Your Wife, you know is a meer *Cinthia*,
And ſhe can faſhion Horns out of her Nature.
Mont. But do's ſhe, dare you Charge her, Speak.

Enter Tamira *and* Charlotte.

Monſ. Not at this time my Lord, you ſee who Enters,
But when next we meet, I'll have a Paper for ye,
That ſhall unfold it, better then my Tongue;
In the mean time be Wiſe,
Tam. What ſays he?
Mont. You muſt make good the reſt.
Tam. What is't, my Lord,
Takes my Love any thing to heart, he ſays?
Mont. Come you are A———
Tam. What my Lord, alas! will you revenge,
Your Angers Juſt, cauſe given by him, on me.
Mont. By him?
Tam. I have admired a Thouſand times,
How you ſo long could be at Friendſhip with him.

That ſtill has plaid ſuch Diſcords on your Honour.

Mont. If he has plaid, I do ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip
Lent him the Inſtrument.

Tam. How's that, my Lord?

Mont. Come you will ſtill admire,
Till my Head be the Miracle oth' World.

Tam. Oh!——— *Seems to ſwound.*

Charl. Alas! She faints, help, good my Lord, and bend her
Forward, ſpeak to her, good my Lord.

Mont. Look up, my Love, and by this Kiſs receive
My Soul amongſt thy Spirits, I am ſorry,
I was ſo Raſh.

Tam. Oh! I have liv'd too long, to hear this from ye;

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled Blood, and not from me,
I was not then my ſelf, to tell ye Truth;
That wicked Prince, that left me when you entred,
Did like a Gorgon turn me, into ſtone;
And ſtabb'd me to the heart, thus with his Fingers.

Tam. The baſe Effect of the inveterate Malice
He owes me, for my ſhunning his foul Suit;
You ſee 'tis plain, my Lord.

Mont. I know not whether he will vaunt t' have been
The Princely Author of this ſlaviſh Sin,
Or any other, he would have reſolv'd me,
Had you not come; and now has Promis'd further
To ſhow't in writing, which I'm reſolv'd I'll ſee:
I will about it inſtantly; Oh! Heaven defend;
He ſhould ſpeak Truth for Madneſs, then would follow;
And in my Rage there would be found no Limits. [Exit. *Mont.*

Tam. 'Tis moſt impoſſible, he ſhould diſcover it,
For no one knows it, but my Governeſs;
And, poor Soul, ſhe is ſo charm'd with Charity,
She thinks our meeting is a Caſe of Conſcience:

However, I will ſtrait inform my Love,
And then we ſhall be arm'd, whatever happens. [*Exit.*

Charl. I'm Conſcious to my ſelf, here will be——
A world of miſchief, about my plaguy Tongue now,
But the *Monſieur* has made my Stomach ſo wamble,
Ever ſince he promiſed me this Husband, and this
Ladyſhip do's buz all Night in my head: ſo that I
Can't ſleep a Jot for't; well, to be a faithful Servant to
A Good Lady, is a fine thing, but to be a good
Lady, for being no faithful Servant, is a finer thing, and
Dignity ſince thy Face of Honour is towards me;
Duty is but a kind of Footman, and I may kick him out of Doors. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dillon, La Foyle, *and another Servant.*

Dill. Where's my Lord *Mountsurry*'s Groom?

La Foy. Here, here, are the Maids, and the Sack-Posset ready.

Dill. All, all; we want nothing, but to get this musty Steward Out oth' way, prithee do but play thy part well now, And the Night's our own,

La Foy. I'll warrant thee, let me alone,

Dill. Away, away, here he comes. [*Exit.* La Foyle.

Enter Maffe.

Maff. Is the Fencing Master come yet?

Dill. Yes Sir, he's below, and the rarest Fellow in all *France*; he shall Pick ye out any Button upon your Coat, Sir, and Carry it away upon his Point, without having any Communication with your small Guts; or doing you The least harm in the World.

Maff. But, Sir, my Guts are within a hairs breadth of my Buttons, and I'll not venture his Point, so near 'em; I thank ye, if he can teach me without touching me, So; if not, let him keep his Communications to himself. Go call him up, and let none come in else, I charge ye; But carry the Tenants, that wait without to speak with Me into the Buttery, and give 'em Pints a piece of small Beer, to chear their Hearts against they pay their Money.

Dill. Sir, there's a pretty young Woman amongst 'em, Must I serve them all alike.

Maff. We must be civil to women, Sirrah; now, encourage her Pint with a Gill of Sack, and d'ye hear; tell her, 'twas an especial favour from me.

Dill. Out of the Gallon Bottle, that stands by your Bedside, Sir?

Maff. Ay, Dunce; what else? Pox on thee get thee gone, and Send up the Fencing Master. [*Exit.* Dillon.

I have taken a shrew'd opinion, that my being Beaten and kick'd lately, was not so much through my Want of Courage, as want of Skill, in defending My self; and therefore am now resolv'd to learn By Rule and Method, to beat this Tarmagant Fellow *D'Ambois*; as I believe, he has learn't to beat me; for To say the Truth, he did it as readily, as if he had serv'd A Prenticeship, and learn't a Trade of beating People; And therefore, if Art can make a man valiant, I'll Practise hard, but I'll be reveng'd of him; for I am told This Valour is but a meer Trick, after all. I have seen One my self, that has Cuff'd, huff'd, and look'd as big as Bain If he would have eaten another, at a Morsel; and has Been Cudgel'd by a Third a minute after, and not thought Himself a Jot the worse for't neither.

[*Enter*

Enter La Foyle.

Your Servant, Sir.

La Foy. Yours, Sir,

Maff. I suppose Sir, you are ignorant why I sent for ye; Therefore before we enter into farther Correspondence, Pray, what is your Name?

La Foy. La Foyle, Sir, at your Service.

Maff. La Foyle! That's a very good Name for a Fencing Master. And pray, Monsieur *La Foyle*, how long have you studied this Science?

La Foy. Ah! Sir, I almost suck'd it in with my Milk. I had The honour to be employed in the Academy at *Rome*, At eleven yeas old, where some time after, receiving An Affront, I challenged my Enemy, fought him, whipt Him through the Guts, and killed him, and then Fled into *Spain*, where meeting with a Courtesan one night when I was drunk, I Made bold to seize her; cut the Fellows Throat that Guarded her; and then with the next shipping came over hither.

[*Acts his Speech pushing and striking* Maff.

Maff. Well, well, Good Sir; but pray not too much of your Action, —— What a Cut-Throat Son of a Whore have I met with here; 'dsheart, he makes me tremble to hear him.

[*Aside.*

La Foy. As to the rest of my Travels, Sir, they are very Quaint and full of Variety, but amongst all places I had The worst success at *Venice*; the Natives are all there Inclin'd to Luxury and Sloth, and want Mettle to Murder one another handsomely; I was forct there to kill A Man every other Night my self, meerly to force a Trade.

Maff. A very pretty Trade indeed; this is the Devil of a Fellow —— But you have done none of these handsome Exploits since you came hither, Friend, have you?

La Foy. Not yet, Sir; not yet.

Maff. No, no, all in good time; Hum! 'dsheart this Rogue Makes no more of killing a Man, than I do of cutting a Corn.

[*Aside.*

La Foy. Truly, Sir, Ingenuity must live; I had like to have Signaliz'd my self last Night though, you shall hear How Sir: I went to a Comedy, and intending to Introduce my Parts mildly amongst 'em, I only civilly Pluck'd the next Man, that sat by me, by the Nose.

Maff. A great Civility truly; pray go on, Sir.

La Foy. Upon this, Sir, he draws, which was the thing I looked for; For instantly, whip was I in with him in Cart thus —— clap'd him through the Shoulder, And threw him backwards over the Benches; Slash'd another that was taking his part with A back Blow cross the Face thus —— And Then trip'd up the Heels of a third, that Stood in my way thus; and made my escape in spite of 'em.

[*Acts his Speech still, kicking and beating, trips* Maffe *down.*

Maff. Thus, thus, thus, I think the Devils in the Fellow,
A Pox can't you tell a Story, but you muſt break
A Man's Bones about it?

La Foy. I cry ye Mercy, Sir.

Maff. My Mercy; in the Devil's Name; when you have
Almoſt thump'd a Man's Guts out; nay, prithee not
A word more, I'de as lieve fight with thee, as hear
Thee tell another Story.

La Foy. Action is ſo natural to us, Sir, that ſometimes
We hardly know whether we are fighting in Earneſt,
Or relating in Jeſt. But come, Sir, ſhall I ſhow ye
Any thing, ſhall I let ye a Leſſon?

Maff. Why? yes, I would willingly you ſhould ſhew me,
If you could, a ſure way never to be kill'd;

La Foy. I'll don't, Sir; draw.

Maff. Draw! what, and be decently whipt through
The Guts, as you were ſaying just now. Prithee, I'll
Not draw, not not I.

La Foy. Let the Scabbard be on, Sir.

Maff. I'll not truſt to that, the Chape may be broke
For ought I know, and the Point be amongſt my Puddings
Before I'm aware; come, come, here are
A couple of Bedſtaves, theſe will doe as well.

La Foy. Well, Sir; your Guard,—higher a little, keep your
Arm ſtreight. Sir; So, Paſs, now Paſs, Sir;
Paſs.

Maff. Ay, with all my heart. [*Goes on t'other ſide.*

La Foy. Piſh! I mean, thruſt at me,—thus, look ye, [*Thumps him.*

Maff. Thus, look ye; Pox take ye, with a Thump in the Guts agen; prithee where's the Trick all this while?

La Foy. Preſently, Sir;—your Guard agen; ſo
Parry now, Sir; Parry, Parry, Sir; I'm in your Body elſe.

Maff. The Fellow's mad.—— [*Thruſts at* Maſſe, *who turns, and runs away.*

La Foy. Why, Sir; you run away.

Maff. 'Tis time to run away, I think, when a man is
Like to have a Bedſtaff in's Guts.

La Foy. There's your Trick, Sir; that's a certain way now, never to
Be kill'd now.

Maff. I gad, and ſo 'tis; this is an Arch Rogue, but a Damn'd
Bloody minded Dog, for all that.

La Foy. Ah, Sir; I have another Trick worth two of this; for
Beſides my coming to wait on you, I was appointed
Here by Count *D'Ambois*, to ſhow it this afternoon before his Highneſs.

Maff. D'Ambois? [*Noiſe within.*

La Foy. Ay, Sir; here be hee'r inſtantly himſelf: Hark, I think I hear him.

Maff. The Devil thou doſt; ds'heart, his very Name has
Put me into ſuch a trembling, I ſhall not recover
My ſelf this Month; Oh! let me go.

La Foy. What! Before you have learn't your Leſſon Sir?

Maff. Leſſon,

Maff. Leſſon! Prithee don't talk to me of Leſſons now;
Ay 'tis he, he comes like a Whirlwind. [*Noiſe within.*
Stand out of my way, don't hinder me; I'm ſhot like
An Arrow, and intend to be at the *Indies*
Within this half hour. — [*Runs out, and overthrows Tables,*
Lay. Foy. Ha, ha, ha; Is he ſafe now? [*Stools, and all in's way.*

Enter Dillon.

Dill. Secure for this Night, I'me ſure: And now for the Sack-poſſet with the Maids.
La Foy. Off, my falſe Beard, and Diſguiſe then. What ſayſt thou? Did I not Act it rarely? I have beaten the Rogue damnably.
Dill. 'Twas admirably done, Faith; for there was no way
But this laſt to get rid of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III.

Enter D'Ambois, Tamira, *and* Tereſia.

Tam. Oh! if your Love were ever more than outward;
If all your Vows, and Oaths, and ſoft Endearments,
Were not th' Effects of an ungenerous heat,
That Broods in Fools, that ſeek t' undoe poor Women.
Be diligent, and ſearch this to the Bottom.
For 'tis moſt certain, that this Devilliſh *Monſieur*,
Some way or other knows, our cloſe Intrigue.
Buſſy. What Cold, Dull, Northern Brain, what Fool but he
Durſt take, like *Epimethius*, to his Breaſt
A Box of ſuch Plagues, as the Danger yields
Incurr'd in the Diſcovery; he had better
Venture his Face to the Conſuming blaſt
Of fierceſt Lightning, when it rends the Clouds;
Or ſtand the Thunder, which, to purge the Sky,
The Cyclops ram, in *Jove's* Artillery,
Tam. The Venome of his Nature; makes him Propheſie
And may my Curſe,
Fill'd with the Poiſon of a Woman's hate,
Torture him for his Labour, if he know it.
Pietro. I always thought he dealt with the Devil, for elſe
Which way ſhould he know it, my ſelf being the
Only Perſon concerned; and, I am ſure, none knows
It by me; for I thank Heaven, I have too much
Religion in me, to doe ſuch a miſchief.
Tam. What further miſchief will ariſe, Heaven knows;
But I am ſtill th' unhappy Cauſe of all.
Buſſy. Call not thy ſelf unhappy, if my Love
Was ever grateful to thee, by thy Beauty,
The unvalued Banquet that do's feaſt my Soul,

And all the Joys that ſwell'd my panting Heart,
When, Angel-like, thou gav'ſt a taſte of Heaven,
I cannot hear thee blame that Precious Minute,
Or ſhow the leaſt repining, without trouble.

Tam. How innocent was I, when firſt I lov'd,
How much reſerv'd and Chaſte my Inclinations!
But Fate, alas is ſtrong, and Women weak.
And if the learn'd Philoſophers ſay true,
None e're can keep a conſtant Courſe in Vertue;
What's now, alike in all parts, every day
Differs from other, nay, each Hour and Minute;
Ay, every Thought in our falſe Clock of Life.
Waſtes the unvalued Treaſure of our Time,
Our Bodies are but thick Clouds to our Souls,
Through which they cannot ſhine, when they deſire;
Nay, all the Stars, and even the Sun himſelf,
Muſt wait the motion of the humid Vapours,
Which he himſelf exhales; elſe 'twere impoſſible,
He ever ſhould diſperſe his Beams to us:
How then can, we that are but Motes to him,
Wandring like Attoms in his dazling Rays,
Overcome our ſollid Paſſions?

Buſſy. 'Tis impoſſible,
Nor did wiſe Providence deſign we ſhould:
But having given Free-will, it ſelf ſtand Neuter,
To ſee how Mortals wear their Jewel, Reaſon.

Tam. Oh! but I fear the wrong done to my Husband.

Buſſy. Thy Husband! that's to me, I am thy Husband;
The Man to whom thy firſt dear Vows were plighted,
Mountſurry, a vile and Irreligious Robber,
That breaking to my Garden, ſtole my Fruit,
Devour'd my Eyes, my Lips, my Breaſt, my Heart,
With an unſanctified Voracious Appetite,
Gorg'd on ripe Beauty bluſhing on the Bow,
E're I had time to taſte my own firſt bleſſings.
And can'ſt thou have the Heart to call him Husband,
Before my Face, that has thus wrong'd thy Husband?
Recant, Recant, and by Love's mighty Power
I Charge thee henceforth, ſtyle him ſo no more.

Tam. Oh! thou dear Charmer of my too fond Heart,
I cannot blame thee, though thou haſt undone me;
My Soul is ſo poſſeſſed with the ſtrong Paſſion.

[*Call* Mountſurry, Monſieur, *and* Guiſe.

And all my Powers, tend ſo much towards it,
That I can forfeit Vertue, Fame, and Honour,
To run, and Sacrifice my ſelf to thee;
And ſince my Fate deſigns me for a Sacrifice,
As by my Boding Fears, I find it does,
Know I will die for thee without a Murmur:

And

And Fame ſhall ſing aloud, none ever fell
So unconcern'd as I, or lov'd ſo well;
Buſſy. Can the dear Soul of all I wiſh in Life,
Talk to me thus of Death, and I ſo near her?
No, I have brav'd the meagre Feind ſo often,
He not dares touch one precious Grain of thee;
Or think it Savours of Mortality.
And for the *Monſieur*, I'll watch like his ill Genius;
A Politician ſhould like Lightning melt
The very Marrow, and not taint the Skin.
Thus Policy muſt be ſtanck'd with Policy,
And *Henry* ſtill be ſafe; if then meer Loyalty
Can me to Acts paſt Mortal daring move;
I'll combat like a God to aid my Love.
Tam. Hark, Oh! Curſt hour, my Lord's return'd. [*Noiſe within.*
Mont. Where are ye? Open the Door. [Mountſurry *within.*
Buſſy. 'Tis *Montſurry*'s Voice; I'll ſtay and claim my Right
Before his Face.
Tam. Oh! for my ſake; Love, think not ſuch a Thought;
Away, away, into the Vault; nay, inſtantly,
If you love me; —if any ill happens I'll
Write ye word.
Buſſy. Doe, and be ſure of ſafety.
Pietro. Come, come, let's be gone; Lord help us, what a
Stir's here! [*They deſcend the Vault.* Tamira *takes a Book in her hand.*
Tam. Come holy Cover of all humane frailty, lend —
Thy Aſſiſtance; Godlineſs now ſhine
In Hypocrites moſt Vice looks moſt Divine,
Whilſt Crimes lie hid, to Heaven we nothing ſay;
But when we fear to be found out, we Pray.

Enter Montſurry, Monſieur, *and* Guiſe. [*Opens the Door.*

Mont. What! are ye Conjuring, ye are lock'd ſo cloſe?
Tam. The *Monſieur* here, and *Guiſe*; Oh! I am loſt. [*aſide.*
I hope you'l allow time for Devotion.
Mont. Devotion! the Viſor of Hypocriſie.
Monſ. } Ah, ah, ah, ah. [*Call* Charlot *Letter.*
Guiſ. }
Tam. Who look ye for, my Lord?
Mont. Some kind Aſſiſtant, that perhaps might help
You in your Devotions.
Monſ. Heaven may be ſpoke with privately, without theſe
Locks and Barring up of Doors.
Tam. Oh! my dear Lord, do not Relapſe agen
Into your bad Suſpicions.
Mont. Get ye gone, let me have none of your fawning;
Now, be gone, I ſay.

Tam.

Tam. I know my Duty, and am all Obedience. [*Exit.*

Mont. Oh! Modeſty, where wilt thou ſhew thy Beauty,
If it be wanting in that lovely Look.

Guiſ. Craft, Craft; my Lord all Craft.

Monſ. 'Tis a Damn'd ſubtil Game, they are all skill'd at;
Their Looks are their Trump Cards, with which they win,
Of Fools, whate'r they Play for.

Enter Charlotte, *with a Letter.*

Here comes one
Will pull the Vizor off, and Clear your Eye-ſight:
Now, dear *Charlotte*, haſt thou ſtole out the Letter?

Charl. I have don't, my Lord; but I vow, I half repent it;
I ſtole her Cabinet keys out, whilſt ſhe ſlept,
And found this Paper, but could hardly bring it,
So Conſcious was I of my Treachery.

Monſ. Treachery! Fidelity by this Light, and ſhall be ſo rewarded;
Come prithee let's ſee't. [*takes the Letter.*

Guiſ. What! is't a Billet-deux?

Monſ. A Copy of the laſt, ſhe ſent her Minion.

Mont. Can it be poſſible?

Monſ. There, my Lord——
There is a Glaſs of Ink, where you may ſee
How to make ready black Fac'd Tragedy;
That Scrowl diſplays her Heart, naked and bare,
And pulls the Veil off, that ſo long abus'd ye.

Mont. Her own damn'd hand, I ſwear!

Charl. I beſeech your Lordſhip, let it be a Secret,

Monſ. Oh! Ay, a Secretes Secret, as thy Maiden-head,
Never fear it.

Charl. And will your Highneſs be pleas'd to remember
The Knight?

Monſ. The Knight! why, he is juſt putting on his Spurs,
And coming Poſt; What! doſt think I forget?

Charl. Your Highneſs ſhall be always welcome to
Our houſe, and in what I can oblige your
Highneſs, I beſeech ye command.

Monſ. Well, well; I am oblig'd to thee; but prithee leave
Us now a little, we have ſome private Buſineſs.

Guiſ. Nothing remains, my Lord, but the ſtrange means [*Exit* Charl.
They have to meet, which to find out 'tis fit,
We bribe the old Governeſs.

Mont. Oh! Crocodile, *Hiana*, monſtrous Traitreſs!

Monſ. All Railing is but vain, do your ſelf Juſtice
A better way; and ſince the cloſe Conveyance,
And which way he got to her is unknown,
Force her to write my Lord a tender Letter,
To invite *D'Ambois* to a Midnight meeting.

Guiſe. Do

Guiſe. Do ſo, my Lord, try firſt
To make her name her Bawdy Meſſenger,
That manages th' Affair, that ſubtle Pander,
That paſſes all our Study to find out;
Then let her write, and *d'Amboiſ* comes i'th' inſtant,
Within the thirſty reach of your Revenge:
I'th' interim lodge an Ambuſh in her Chamber,
Behind the Hangings, of your Stouteſt Men,
All cloſe and ſurely arm'd, and let 'em ſhare
A Soul amongſt 'em that will ſerve a Thouſand.

Mont. His Fate is caſt, but what's his ſingle Fate?
Methinks the Frame of the whole World ſhould crack,
To ſee its parts ſo diſproportionate:
But why Rove I far? here, here, was ſhe,
That was a whole World without Spot to me:
Tho now a World of Spots, Oh! what a Flaſh
Is Mans Delight in Woman; what a Bubble
He builds his State, Peace, Life on when he Marries:
Since then Earths Pleaſures are ſo ſhort and ſmall,
To be moſt Happy is t'abjure them all;
Deteſt a Joy ſo often proves our Shame,
And never truſt Falſe Woman with our Fame. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Montſurry *dragging in* Tamira *with hair diſhevel'd after them* Tereſia.

Tam. OH! do not kill me Husband.

Mont. Ceaſe to be Obſtinate, and I may find my Temper:
Will you write?

Ter. For Heavens ſake, my Lord, be not ſo Cruel.

Mont. Oh! trouble not your Charity with my Cruelty,
This courſe I muſt take for my Honours ſake,
Till ſhe obeys, and faithfully diſcloſes
Who was the ſecret Manager of this matter.

Ter. Oh! 'tis a horrid work to purſue thoſe Secrets;
More Miſchiefs may ariſe from ſuch curs'd Knowledge;
Nor is't a Path for Chriſtian Feet to tread;
But out of all way to the Health of Souls;
A Sin impoſſible to be forgiven.
My Lord, you will be Damn'd if you proceed.

Mont. Reverend Religion, prithe hold thy peace,
And tell not me of Damning; get thee gone,
For fear my Paſſion ſhould forget thy Age.
Away, I ſay, I ſhall not break the limits of a Man,
Till ſhe turn to a Devil.

Tam. Be gone, good Governeſs, my Lord will hear me.
Ter. Well, Heaven inſpire ye both, I'll go and pray for ye. [*Exit* Ter.
Mont. Who ſhall remove this Mountain from my Breaſt? Mont. *locks the door.*
Or ſtand the opening Furnace of my Thoughts,
Or lend fit Outcries for a Soul in Hell;
For nothing now is fit to ſpeak my Griefs
But Thunder, were the Wind blown from my Throat,
Loud as the Trump of Heaven, whoſe Sacred Blaſt
Muſt unite moulder'd Earth, and wake the Dead,
I could not vent enough my Horrid Woes.
Tam. My Lord, my Fault, perhaps, as you are told it
With too ſtrong Arguments, is paſt your pardon;
But how the Circumſtances may excuſe me,
May yet appear, and my true Penitence
Hereafter, move your Pity.
Mont. Hereafter! 'tis a ſuppos'd Infinite,
That from this Point will riſe Eternally,
When a feign'd Vertue is diſcover'd Vice.
Excuſes, Damn her! they, like Fires in Cities,
Enrage with thoſe Winds that leſs Lights extinguiſh.
Sing, *Syren*, Sing, and daſh againſt my Rock, [*Pulls her by the hair.*
Thy Ruffian Gally burnt with flaming Luſt.
Sing, I mean write, and then take from my Eyes,
The Miſts that hide the moſt inſatiable Pander
That ever lap'd up an Adulterous Vomit,
That I may ſee the Devil and Survive,
That I may hang him, and then cut him down,
Then Rip him up, and with true Cunning ſearch
The Cells and Cabins of his Brain and Study,
Like him the Wilderneſs of a Womans Heart,
Where half the World that venture in are loſt.
Oh! wretched Man, that ſtill will haunt the Coaſt
Of Fatal Marriage, and hunt the dear-bought Game,
Till he does find within his Wives two Breaſts,
All *Pelion* and *Cytharon* with their Beaſts.
Will ye write yet—— [*Dragging her.*
Tam. Oh! let me not, Dear Lord,
In lieu of my great Faults Ingender greater,
And make the ſuppos'd Breach of Vows cauſe Murther.
Mont. It follows needfully, as Child and Parent,
The Chain-ſhot of thy Vice is ſtill aloft,
And it muſt Murder, 'tis thy own dear Twin,
None e'er could add height to a Womans Sin.
Tam. Why did you Marry me?
Mont. Controling Fate deſign'd it for my Curſe.
Tam. Your Griefs were ſmall, 'tis I have felt the worſt.
Mont. I thought your Heart my own, and wiſh'd no more.
Tam. My Heart, alas, 'twas given long, long before.

Mont.

Mont. The greater ſtill thy Miſchief——will you write?
For it muſt be, or by this Fatal Steel,
That here ſhall do me Juſtice, and the Rage
Thy Obſtinacy breeds within my Boſom,
I'll be a Year a killing thee.
Tam. Oh! enjoyn my Sin,
A worſer Pennance and I'll bear it patiently;
Hide in ſome gloomy Dungeon my loath'd Face,
And let Condemned Murderers let me down,
Stopping their Noſes my Abhorred Food;
Hang me in Chains, and let me eat their Arms
That have offended; bind me Face to Face
To ſome Dead Body, taken from the Cart
Of Execution, till Death and Time
To grains of Duſt diſſolve me;
Or any Torture that your worſt Invention
Can fright all Pity from the World withall;
But to betray a Friend with ſhow of Friendſhip,
Is ſuch a baſeneſs I can ne'er conſent to:
Be Cruel as you pleaſe, here are my Breaſts,
Laſt night your Pillows, here my wreathed Arms,
Lately the dear lov'd Confines of your Life,
Now uſe 'em as you pleaſe——
Mont. Oh! do not touch me, they have now no Charm,
Thy Arms have loſt their Priviledge by Luſt,
And in their Torture thus, thus, they muſt pay it [*wounds her.*
Tam. Oh! Heaven——
Mont. Till thou writeſt
I'll write in wounds my wrongs fit Characters.
Will ye yet do't?—— [*Wounds her again.*
Tam. Oh kill me! kill me!
Dear Husband, be not Crueller than Death;
You have beheld ſome Gorgon, feel, Oh feel!
How you are turn'd to Stone with my Hearts Blood;
Diſſolve your ſelf again, or you will grow
Into the Image of all Tyranny.
Mont. As thou art of Adultery, I will ever
Prove thee my Parollel, being moſt a Monſter;
Thus I expreſs thee—— [*Wounds her again.*
Tam. Oh! who is turn'd into my Lord, my Husband,
Or have I none? Oh! will this Dreadful Viſion
Laſt then for ever? Help me, ye Powers above,
And pitying Saints, help me, Oh! help me Husband.
Mont. VVrite, or I'll be more Cruel in thy Death
Than Tyranny can utter—— [*Ragingly.*

Tereſia *aſcends from the Vault.*

Ter. Save, Save her Life, and take the Fatal Secret.
Mon. Hah! Ghoſts and Goblins;
If thou art Air my Dagger cannot hurt thee. [*Stabs* Ter.

Tam. Oh! what have you done?

Mont. I know not, kill'd the Devil I think—Hah
VVhat's here, th' old Governess?

Tam. The same, the same——

Mont. Author of Prodigies;
A Thunder-bolt breaks from the Firmament,
And Plows up Counsels never known before:
Now is it true, Earth moves and Heaven stands stands still,
And the whole Course of Nature is disorder'd;
VVas this the way, was she the Imp between ye?

Tam. She was, she was, kind faithful wretch, she was.

Mont. VVhy well said Sanctity, I'm undeceiv'd
By this, in what I never had believ'd;
This Praying Saint, that talk'd of nought but God,
I'th' midst of strong Devotion was a Bawd;
They're all, they're all just so, the VVeed Hypocrisie,
Spreads over all the Earth, and Buds and Blossoms;
'Tis Rank, 'tis Rank; come, come, will you write now?

Tam. Oh mighty Love! whilst I had strength to bear,
I have oppos'd, but now my Fainting Spirits
Yield up their Powers; I will write my Lord,
But it shall be in Blood, that he may see
The Lines came from my wounds, and not from me. [*Writes.*

Mont. Since it is so, why will the Priests take pains
To tell us of Rewards for being Good;
Since Vice is Sickness Epidemical,
And curs'd Hypocrisie swayes Humane Nature;
Since no one can be Just, nor so rewarded,
There's no such thing as Justice or Reward. [*He reads her writing.*

Tam. Oh my hard Fate!——

Mont. 'Tis well, and now *Charlott* shall be the Messenger,
I'll to her straight, and court her with a Bribe;
Come Grannum, you must lye a while conceal'd
In this dark Cave, wherein I'll enter too,
To see the Hellish Cavern; methinks the odd Adventure
Revives, and teaches me no more to Mourn.

Tam. And me to curse the Hour that I was born.

SCENE II.

Enter *d' Ambois*, and *Magician.*

Mag. Since long you have Intrusted to my Care,
A Secret of such weighty Consequence;
I will at your Request unfold my Art,
And leave no point, to help you in distress.

Bus. Thanks, Honour'd Father, Oh! if I were alone,
The Mark at which the Fates intend to shoot,
I would not trouble Art, to give fore-knowledg;
But, 'tis alas! for safety of my Love.

My

My dear *Tamira*, that I ſeek this Secret,
And therefore do Implore your choiceſt Skill,
To ſhow the Plots of ſubtle *Guiſe* and *Monſieur*.
Mag. Sit down, be ſilent, and what ere you ſee,
Still keep your place.
Buſ. Proceed then, I am ready, *Sits down.*

Sings.

Occidentalium Legionum Spiritualium Imperator, per Stygijs Inſurutabillia Arcana, Adeſto O Behemeth, veni, per Noctis & Tenebrarum Abdita profundiſſima, per Labentia Sydera per ipſos motus horarum furtivos Hecateſque altum Silentium, Apare in forma Spirituali, Luſente Splendida, & Ambili.

Thunder and Ligtning.

[d' Ambois *falls Aſleep*, Behemeth *aſſends and Sings, then appears in a Dance Spirits, Repreſenting the manner of* d' Ambois's *Murder and Exeunt.*]

d' Ambois Awakes.

Buſ. My Spirits are Exhal'd, the Air's ſo hot,
As there had been a helliſh Legion here;
Speak Father, ſpeak my Fate, I am prepar'd.
Mag. Oh! thou great Prince of Shades, where never Sun
Strikes his farr darted Beams, whoſe Eyes are made
To ſhine in Darkneſs, and ſee ever beſt,
Where Men are Blindeſt, open now my Breaſt,
And let my Tongue, Interpret what was ſhown.
Buſ. What will befall me, and my deareſt Miſtriſs?
Mag. When ere thou ſeeſt her Face next, thou ſhalt dye,
Buſ. Oh! Cruel Deſtiny, that I muſt dye?
By what gives Light, and Life to all the World,
But ſay then barbarous Oracle, is there then
No way left to prevent it?
Mag. There is none,
Buſ. Who is it can hinder ſuch a Grace?
Mag. Fate and its cruel Miniſters;
Buſ. Who are Fates Miniſters?
Mag. The *Guiſe* and *Monſieur*.
Buſ. A fit pair of Shears
To Cut the Threads of Kings and Kingly Spirits.
Mag. Yet 'tis decreed, that Sword, Poyſon, nor Dagger
Shall never hurt thee, but ſtill thou art not ſafe;
I am control'd, and dare diſcloſe no more, farewell. [*Exit. Mag.*
Buſ. Nor Steel, nor Poyſon, What then can I fear?
My Miſtriſſes Face, where Beauty lies and Smiles,
A Thouſand Thouſand Charms to chear my Vallour;
Piſh theſe are Dreams, and this Old doting Wizard,
Not knowing with what Purity ſhe Loves,
Believes that ſhe'll be Treacherous and kill me;
Who's this?

Enter

Enter Charlot *with a Letter.*

Char. I hope my Buſineſs with your Lordſhip,
May well Excuſe th' Intruſion;
Buſ. I gueſs from whom, but how came you the Meſſenger?
Char. The Governeſs has catch'd cold, my Lord, the reſt
You'l know by the Contents.
Buſ. What Writ in Blood?
Char. Yes, 'tis the Ink of Lovers?
Buſ. Oh! 'Tis a Sacred witneſs of her Truth,
So much Elixir of her Blood as this,
Would make a being and Regenerate Death:
Oh! How it Multiplies my Blood with Spirits,
And makes me fit t' Incounter Fate and Hell;
Away dear Creature, be my happy Guide,
And on the Wings of Love, let me fly to her. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Enter Monſieur, Guiſe, Montſurry, *and* Murderers.

Mont. *Charlot* by this time muſt be coming back,
Are ye all Armed and Ready?
Murd. All, all my Lord,
Guiſe. Speed us then Vengeance;
Mont. Reſolve my Maſters, you will meet with one,
Will try what Proof your privy Coats are made on,
But let not that defer your promis'd Action,
But when he's Enter'd, and you hear the Sign,
Approach, and make all ſure.
Murd. Ne'er doubt, my Lord, we'l make him tame enough;
Mont. And now upon my Sweet Revenge, I'll Feaſt
Love like a Razor Cleanſes being well us'd,
But fetches Blood ſtill, being leaſt abus'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tamira.

Tam. When will my Mortal Griefs be at their height,
And Time aſſure a Period to my Sorrows.
Oh! Who can look upon this Stage of Fate,
Where my dear *Buſſy* muſt be Sacrific'd,
Without Convulſions of Heart-killing Woes;
Have I a Heart, and can I ſee his Bleed,
Have I a Soul, and can I fail to hinder
This Dam'd Deſign; What a weak helpleſs thing
Is wreatched Woman; all our Powers to Live;
Is given to no End, but t' have Power to Grieve.
He Comes, he Comes, the precious Victim Comes,
And I alas! have nothing but this Dagger left,
And my weak Cries to help him, or my ſelf. [*Shows a Dagger.*

d' Ambois and *Charlot*, Aſſend from the Vault.

Away, Away my Love, thou wilt be Murder'd.
Buſ. Murder'd, I know not what that *Hebrew* means,

There

There had been no ſuch word were all like *d' Amboiſ.*

Tam. The Letter ſent, was forc'd, that wicked Trait'reſs,
Brib'd by my Lord, betrays thee to thy Death.

Buſ. Betray'd to Death;
Out Stinking Taper, thou ſhalt never ſee it;
VVhere are theſe Bravo's, hah! by Heaven. [*Kills Charlot.*
He is my Murderer that ſhows me not a Murderer;
'Tis a word the Noble Heart of Vallour does Abhor,
Murder'd, who dares in all the Space I ſee,
Come in my Reach, or look with Equal force
My Rage in the Face, upon whoſe Hand ſits Death,
VVhoſe Sword has VVings, and every Feather pierces;
If I eſcape *Monſieurs* Pothecarys Shops,
Foutir for *Guiſes* Shambles, 'twas ill Plotted;
They ſhould have Mawl'd me here
VVhen I was Riſing, I am up and ready,
Let in my Politick Viſitants, let 'em in,
Fate is more ſtrong than Arms, more fierce than Treaſon,
And I at all Points, Arm'd by Love and Courage.

Enter Monſieur, *and* Guiſe *Diſguis'd, and* Murderers.

[*They all fall upon* d' Amboiſ, *who kills ſome, and beats out the reſt, all but* Monſieur *and* Guiſe.]

Mont. Come all at once.

Tam. Oh! Cowards, barbarous Villains?

Guiſe. Come not they on,

Buſ. No Slaves, nor go off;
I'll ſee what Heroes Maſque there in Diſguiſes.

Mon. Death we are finely ſnap'd. [*Fights with* Guiſe *and* Mon.

Buſ. Stand ye ſo firm, will it not Enter here,
You have an Eye left ſtill.

[*Diſarms* Monſieur, *and gets the better of* Guiſe, *when Three or Four Attack him behind, whom he Kills,* Monſieur *and* Guiſe *Eſcape out.*]

Buſ. Chear up my Love, ſee I am Heart-hole ſtill;
Thou art my Buckler, and I fear no Numbers.

Tam. Oh! Shame of Honour in the *Guiſe* [*Embraſing her.*
And *Monſieur.*

Buſ. VVhich were they?

Tam. Thoſe in Diſguiſe my Lord, that juſt went off.

Buſ. Oh! Curs'd, Curs'd, Fate, had I but known the Fiends,
Not all the Powers of Heaven and Earth had ſav'd 'em;
But where's this Angry Count, Come forth my Lord,
And ſhew your own Face in your own Affair;
Take not into your Noble Veins, the Blood
Of theſe baſe Villains, nor the light reports
Of bliſter'd Tongues, for clear and weighty Truths,
But Come and Charge me here, who will defend
VVith my laſt drop of Blood, your wrong'd Lady,
Againſt the VVorld; And to whoſe Injur'd Fame,

I ſtand here as a Bulwork, and proclaim
Long Life to her Renown, that ever yet
Has been untainted even in Envies Eyes.
Come forth, for ſhame, and keep your Fear from knowledge;
'Tis not my fault if you don't clear your Blot,
Nor Revenge yours, if you perform it not.

Enter Montſurry.

Mont. Twelve Villains and afraid t'attack one Fury;
Since then thou art a Devil, I will try
If I can Conjure thee. [*They fight, and* d'Ambois *has* Mont. *down.*

Buſ. That's bravely ſaid——

Tam. Oh! ſave my Lord, my Love, for my ſake,
Save him.

Buſ. I will not touch him, take your Life, my Lord,
And be appeas'd: [*They ruſh out behind him, and with*
Ah! then the Coward Fates [*Piſtols ſhoot him; he falls.*
Have Maim'd themſelves, and ever loſt their Honours.

Tam. Oh! Bloody, Cruel Men, what have you done?

Buſ. The Chance is thrown, and the Old Wizzards Riddle,
That told I ſhould be ſafe from Sword, Drug, Dagger,
Is now reſolv'd, yet ſhall my Fame Survive
The Date of time, and 'tis enough for me,
That *Guiſe* and *Monſieur*'s Death and Deſtiny,
Come behind *d'Ambois*; is my Body then
But penetrable Stuff, and muſt my mind
Follow my Blood; can my Divine part add
No Aid to th'Earthly in Extremity.
Oh! for one pretious hour of ſpritely Life,
To kill theſe Foxes I ſo oft have Earth'd
And I will give my Soul up with a Smile;
But Fate has bound me faſt, turn then to Heaven,
And like a Man look upwards even in Death;
And if *Veſpatian* thought in Majeſty,
An Emperor might dye ſtanding, why not I?
Nay without help, in which I will exceed him;
Prop me, true Sword, as thou haſt ever done. [*Gets up.*
The Equal thought I bear of Life and Death,
Shall let me Faint on no ſide, I am up,
Here like a Roman Statue I will ſtand,
Till Death has made me Marble.

Guiſe. Since nothing but your Death would build our Peace,
'Twill now ſhow Noble in ye to forgive.

Buſ. I do, and on predeſtinated Fate,
Throw all your Ills into't with Charms of Spirit:
And now, my Lord, let this my weighty Blood, [*To* Mont.
Laid in one Scale of your more partial Spleen,
O'erſway my late unwarrantable Love
Weigh'd in the other, and be reconcil'd

VVith all Remorſe to your unhappy Lady.
Tam. Oh! pardon me, dear Sir, and this baſe Hand
That train'd your Life to this unhappy end;
The Blood that ſtain'd that moſt accurſed Paper,
In which I writ the Summons of your Death,
VVas all forc'd from me, from this bleeding wound;
From this here in my Boſom, and from this
That makes me hold up both my hands embrewed
Thus for your pardon.
Burſ. Oh! my Heart is broken:
Fate nor theſe Murderers, *Monſieur* nor the *Guiſe*,
Have any Triumph in my Death but this;
This killing Spectacle, this Prodigy;
Oh! Frail Condition of Strength, Valour, Vertue;
Oh! that my Eyes could prove two Baſilisks,
And dart into your Breaſts my Fatal Vengeance;
Ye barbarous Tygers, by my hopes of Heaven,
For that one Moment I'd forego my Peace.
All Heroes then I ſhould in Death out-do,
And purchaſe Heaven my ſelf for Damning you.
Tam. Farewel, Dear Reliques of the braveſt Man [*Dyes.*
That ever trod upon this Globe of Miſery,
Thou art at Peace, nor will I long be from thee;
As in a Glaſs let Cruel Parents ſee,
The Conſequence of parting Souls by me:
Oh! had their Lenity firſt given my Hand,
Where firſt my Heart was given: this Fatal hour
Had never been, my Fame had been unſpotted;
My Husband not deceiv'd, nor I undone;
But Fate has emptied all her Store of Darts,
Deſtroy'd a perfect Love, and broke both Hearts.
Mont. Come, let's away, my Senſes are not proof
Againſt her Moans.
Guiſe. Forgive her, good my Lord, ſince your Revenge
Has wip'd out all Offences, 'twill be Manly
To ſuffer Reconcilement.
Mons. Death has atton'd for Reputation loſt,
And now ſhe's clear again.
Mont. I do forgive her, and do ask her Pardon
For my late paſſionate and unmanly Riggor;
I wiſh too that we could be reconcil'd,
But Honour bars all further Converſation,
For as this Taper, tho it upwards look,
Downwards muſt needs Conſume, ſo muſt our Love;
Or as when firſt the Flame looks ſpritely upwards,
It keeps its Luſter, but being thus turn'd down,
Its natural Courſe of uſeful light inverted,
Its own Stuff puts it out, ſo muſt our Love;
Turn then from me, as here I turn from thee,

And may both Points of th' Worlds great Axis be,
Conjoyn'd in one before thy self and me.
Tam. Stay yet a Minute longer, stay my Lord,
There's something to be done for both our Honours;
My Niggard Parents gave my Hand to you,
But Ah my Heart was still another's due;
A Love so perfect gain'd, I had not skill,
Tho much I strove to overcome my Will:
Now then, to give you liberty to fly
From your loath'd Yoke, I thus the Knot unty; [*Stabs her self.*
From all the Marriage Plagues my self I free,
And uncontrol'd return, Dear Love, to thee. [*Dies.*
Mons. Curs'd Resolution———
Guise. Wrest the Dagger from her.
Mont. 'Tis too late, she's gone, she's gone for ever,
And I distracted with the unlucky Chance;
What's to be done? Fate rains too fast upon us,
'Tis time now to seek Shelter.
Mons. Let's retire
From this ill-fated place to Consultation,
For all our Powers and Friends are yet too few
To stand the dreadful Shock of *Henry's* Anger,
When he shall hear his Eagle is destroy'd:
Let us then make a strong and solemn Vow,
To stand together with our Lives and Fortunes,
And vouch his Fall to be th'Effect of Chance.
Thus far we prove, and 'tis a Maxim strong,
No Favourite liv'd Happy that liv'd long.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

WHen Infant Wit was in its tender years,
And kind Spectators us'd their Hands and Ears;
When nought to Plays did a large Audience draw
But Pleasure, and to laugh at what they saw;
That was the Golden Age, for Poets then
Were in the Ranck of the uncommon Men:
But now the Times are so Reform'd and Wise,
The Satyrs Wholsome Relish you despise,
And like great School-boys to their Lessons kept,
You think your selves too big now to be Whipt.
But since the Ladies your Examples are,
Regale for once on Common Lenten Fare;
Our Author too, the Roman Vote does wish,
And hope they'll not cry down the Lenten Dish,
Because at present they're confin'd to Fish:
All Poets nat'rally on their side appear,
Do what they can, the Times are so severe,
The Muses keep strict Lent all round the Year.
Pray spare ill Nature now, and let me say,
That I have courted ye to like a Play,
I may serve you as much another way.
Writers sometimes may Interest want,
But something's in a Female Supplicant,
The Learned tell us, that can never fail
To move the kindly Nature of the Male:
Our Tragick Scenes are not obscurely laid,
But that a Moral use may well be made;
For in this Glass ye all without mistaking,
May see the dangerous Crime of Cuckold-making.

A Catalogue of Plays lately Printed.

1. LOVE for Money: Or the Boarding-School.
2. *Buſſy d'Amboiſe*: Or the Husband's Revenge.
3. *Pſyche*, written by Mr. *Shadwell*.
4. Tempeſt Altered, by Mr. *Dryden*.
5. Win her and Take her.
6. *Edward* the Third: Or the Fall of *Mortamar*.
7. Diſtreſſed Innocence: Or the Princeſs of *Perſia*.
8. *Alphonſo* King of *Naples*.
9. Sir *Anthony Love*: Or the Rambling Lady.

A Catalogue of Books lately Printed.

1. HIſtorical Relation of a late General Aſſembly held at *Edenburgh*.
2. Cardinal *Mazarine*'s Letters to *Richlieu*.
3. Welſh Levite Toſſed in a Blanket.
4. Souls Deſire after Happineſs, *&c.*

FINIS.